

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

FROM THE BYRON GALLERY.

To the inspiration produced by the romantic scenery around the confluence of the rivers Avon and Avoca, between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, the public are indebted for this celebrated song. The easy flow of the music, tinged like the words with a tender melancholy, makes the heart of the listener an answering harp which vibrates long after the strain itself has ceased.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that Vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must de-
part,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my
heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.
'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more
dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature im-
prove,
When we see them reflected from looks that we
love.
Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
shall cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in
peace.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE OLDEN TIME.

My blessing rest upon thee, thou merry olden
time,
When the fairies were in fashion, and the world
was in its prime;
Every ruin had its goblin, every green rath had
its fay,
Till the light of Science chased them from their
ancient haunts away.

How rich wert thou in legends of magic lamps
and ring—
Of genii, whom a single word to mortal aid would
bring;
Of caves of gold and diamonds, where foot had
never been,
Till by the favored one their depths were all un-
veiled and seen.

Thou wert the time for monarchs—then kings
were kings indeed,
With potent fairy sponsors to summon at their
need;
Whose wands could change their enemies to mar-
ble at their will:
Ah, many a king would need to have those wands
of power still!

Oh, cruel race of stepmothers! where are you
vanished now?
Where are the henpecked husbands who before
you used to bow,
And yield their lovely daughters to glut your
jealous ire,
Forgetful, 'mid your blandishments, of ev'n the
name of sire?

Sweet beauteous persecuted tribe, princesses
young and fair,

With faces like a poet's dreams, and veils of
flowing hair,
Beloved by vile enchanters, who turned to stone
and wood,
The princes who to rescue you dared steel, and
fire, and flood.

Fierce cannibalish giants, who dwelt in forests
wild,
And worn and weary wayfarers to darksome dens
beguiled;
Brave knights with charmed weapons, who laid
the monsters low,
And opening wide the dungeon doors, bid cease
the captive's woe.

Where are you all departed?—where lie your
treasures hid?
Where are the pearls and emeralds that came
when they were bid?
Where are the mines of gold and gems, that but
to think of now,
Dazzles our mental eyes with light—Old World,
where art thou?

We want those endless riches, we want the magic
spells,
That brought the fairies to your aid, from woods,
and hills, and wells;
We've no enchanters now-a-day, no cabalistic
flames—
The world has lost them all, and keeps but their
time-honored names.

Oh, could I find a magic wand, I'd bring those
days again—
I'd call the treasures from the caves of earth and
throbbing main;
The land should be a glorious land, as 't was in
ancient time,
When the fairies were in fashion, and the world
was in its prime!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE FORGE.

In the gloomy mountain's lap
Lies the village dark and quiet;
All have passed their labor-nap,
And the peasant, half-awaking,
A blind, yawning stretch is taking,
Ere he turns to rest again;
There is not a sound of riot,
Not a sound save that of pain,
Where some aged bones are aching;
Lo! the moon is in the wane —
Even the moon a drowse is taking.

By the blossomed sycamore,
Filled with bees when day is o'er it,
Stands the Forge, with smoky door:
Idle chimney, blackened shed —
All its merry din is dead;
Broken shaft and wheel disused
Strew the umbered ground before it,
And the streamlet's voice is faded
Faintly with the cricket's chirrup,
As it tinkles clear and small
Round the glooming hearth and wall,
Hung with rusty shoe and stirrup.

Yes, the moon is in the wane:
Hark! the sound of horses tramping
Down the road with might and main;
Through the slaty runnels crumbling,
Comes a carriage swinging, rumbling;
Round the steep quick corner turning,
Plunge the horses, puff'd and champing:
Like the eyes of weary ghosts,
The red lamps are dimly burning.
Now 'tis stopt — and one springs down,
And cries unto the sleeping town —
"Ho! for a blacksmith — ho! awake!
Bring him who will his fortune make —
The best, the best the village boasts!"

Up springs the brawny blacksmith now,
And rubs his eyes, and brushes off
The iron'd sweat upon his brow,
Hurries his clothes and apron on,
And calls his wife, and wakes his son,
And opes the door to the night air,
And gives a husky cough;
Then hastens to the horses, standing
With drooping heads and hotly steaming,
And sees a dark-eyed youth out-handing
A sweet maiden, light and beaming.

He strikes a lusty shoulder-blow:
"Four shoes" he cries "are quickly wanting;"
His face is in an eager glow.
"Take my purse and all that's in its
Heart, if you in twenty minutes
Fit us for the road." The smith
Looks at the wearied horses panting,
Then at the clustering gold;
And thinks as he falls to work,
He dreams — a mine-dream, rusty murk,
That this is but a fairy myth,
A tale to-morrow to be told.

But now the forge fire spirts alive
To the old bellows softly purring,
In the red dot the irons dive;

Brighter and broader it is glowing,
Stronger and stronger swells the blowing:
The bare-armed men stand round and mutter
Lowly while the cinders stirring —
Ho! out it flames mid sparkles dropping,
Splitting, glittering, flying, hopping;
Heavily now the hammers batter,
All is glaring din and clatter.

In the cottage dimly lighted
By the taper's drowsy glare,
Stands the gentle girl cheightened;
By her side forever hovers
That dark youth, oh, best of lovers!
Daring all that love will dare
With an aspect firm and gay:
Now the moon seems shining clearer,
Hark! a sound seems swooning nearer
From the heathy hills; the maid
Lists with ear acute, and while
One there with brave assuring smile,
Smooths her forehead's chestnut braid,
The danger softly dies away.

Now the forge is in a glow,
Bellows roaring, irons ringing;
Three are made, and blow on blow
Sets the patient anvil singing;
"Another shoe — another, hark ye,"
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap;
Split the ruddy sheddings sparky,
Ra-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra-rap;
Strikes the quick and lifted hammer
On the anvil bright and worn;
While amid the midnight there,
Beyond the noisy streaming glare,
With a yellow misty glamour,
Looks the moon upon the corn.

On the hill-road moving nigher,
Hurries something dimly shooting,
Glances from two eyes of fire:
"Haste, oh haste!" they're working steady;
Cries the blacksmith "now they're ready."
Pats the pawing horses, testing
On the ground their iron footing;
Helps the lady, lightly resting
On his black arm up the carriage;
Takes the gold with doubt and wonder —
And as o'er the stones and gorses
Tramp the hot pursuing horses,
Cries with voice of jolly thunder —
"Trust me, they won't stop the marriage!"

Scarce a minute's past away
When, oh, magic scene! the village
Lies asleep all hushed and gray;
But hark! who throng again the street
With roaring voices, brows of heat!
Come they here the town to pillage?
No. Across the road, o'erthrown,
Carriage creaks, and horses moan;
"Blacksmith, ho!" the travellers cry —
Not a taper cheers the eye;
While a-top a distant hill
Flushed with dawn-light's silent warning,
Speed the lovers toward the morning
With a rapid right good will;
While, behind that father fretting,
The pale night-sick moon is setting.

T. IRWIN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. JAMESON.

"ACCIDENT first made me an authoress," says Mrs. Jameson, in one of her captivating books. Something higher, deeper, better, qualified her to be an authoress, and ensured for her, as such, a position second to hardly one of her contemporaries in grace of style, correctness, and refinement of taste, keenness of observation, and freshness of thought. Acquaintance with such a writer would have been an invaluable argument and support to Charles Perrault, when he indited his *Apologie des Femmes*, in answer to Boileau's spiteful satire, and there maintained the supremacy of true womanly opinion in matters of taste, saying, in his preface: "On sait la justesse de leur discernement pour les choses fines et délicates, la sensibilité qu'elles ont pour ce qui est clair, vif, naturel et de bon sens, et le dégoût subit qu'elles témoignent à l'abord de tout ce qui est obscur, languissant, contraint, et embarrassé." Mrs. Jameson stands unsurpassed among the literary women of England for critical culture; for instinctive accuracy of taste, and ability to give a reason for the faith that is in her, with elegance and precision of language. And it is beautiful to mark in this capacious, deep, highly-cultivated and ever-active intellect, so utter an absence of, and so hearty a disrelish for, whatever is akin to the satirical and the censorious. This gracious nature holds no tie with carping, crabbed, captious ways and means. "I can smile," she says, "nay, I can laugh still, to see folly, vanity, absurdity, meanness, exposed by scornful wit, and depicted by others in fictions light and brilliant. But these very things, when I encounter the reality, rather make me sad than merry, and take away all the inclination, if I had the power, to hold them up to derision." And she contends that no one human being has been made essentially better by satire, which excites only the lowest and worst of our propensities; the spirit of ridicule she abhors, because in direct contradiction to the mild and serious spirit of Christianity—and at the same time she fears it, because wherever it has prevailed as a social fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it has marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of the society thus characterized;—and furthermore, she despises it, as the usual resource of the shallow and the base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. "The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy which is twice blessed, seems to me," she says, "twice accursed; evil in those who indulge in it—evil to those who are the objects of it." In her every volume the jaded sufferer under

literary fever and fretfulness is sure, in Wordsworth's language, of

One enclosure where the voice that speaks
In envy or detraction is not heard;
Where malice may not enter; where the traces
Of evil inclinations are unknown.

In the writings of women generally is remarked a tone of greater generosity than in those of men: hence, "commend us," says Mr. Gilfillan, "to female critics. The principle *admirari* is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them." The sneer may nevertheless be translated into print, and sometimes is, by those whose lips are innocent of aught but smiles (and kisses)—for in a book, even a beauty may sneer away, if so disposed, without peril to her facial muscles, whatever the peril to her heart; but Mrs. Jameson is incompetent in the art, though her generosity is anything but indiscriminate, anything but common and open to all comers. For, as a veteran authority remarks of another lady-scribe, "on croit sentir" (and the *croissance* is not mere credulity) "un esprit ferme et presque viril, qui aborde les sujets élevés avec une subtilité raisonneuse, et qui en comprend tous les divers aspects." Whatever else she may be—crotchety, as some allege—speculative, daring, determined, paradoxical, or what not,—she is *not* insipid, nor given to platitudinary prosing.

Mrs. Jameson's productions have been too many to allow, in this place, of separate comment,—and too good to be curtly discussed in a hurried summary. Some must, therefore, be pretermitted, and the rest inadequately but respectfully "touched upon"—and would that *our* ordeal by touch could command, as this lady can, the *ornavit* as an invariable sequent to the *tetigit*! Greeting with a passing mention her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," "Diary of an Ennuyée," and "Celebrated Female Sovereigns," we come to a full stop, *plus* a note of admiration, at that ever delightful book, "Characteristics of Women." The success which hailed this choice performance, was, it seems, to the author, "so entirely unlooked for, as to be a matter of surprise as well as of pleasure and gratitude." It was undertaken without a thought of fame or money; it was written out of the fulness of her own heart and soul, and already she felt amply repaid, ere ever a page was in type, by the new and various views of human nature its composition opened to her, and the beautiful and soothing images it placed before her, and the conscious exercise and improvement of her own faculties. The purpose of these volumes is, to illustrate the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and

results—not indeed formally expounding the writer's conviction, that the modern social condition of her sex is false and injurious, but implying certain positions of this nature by examples, and leaving the reader to deduce the moral and to draw the inference. The characters best fitted to her purpose she finds among those whom History ignores—women being illustrious in History, not from what they have been in themselves, but generally in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused, or else presented under seemingly irreconcilable aspects*—it is to Shakspeare she turns for characters that combine history and real life, for complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid open before us,—while, in History, certain isolated facts and actions are recorded, without any relation to causes or motives, or connecting feelings; and pictures exhibited, from which the considerate mind is averted in disgust, and the feeling heart has no relief but in positive and justifiable incredulity. The prevalent idea, that Shakspeare's women are inferior to his men, Mrs. Jameson assents to at once, if inferiority in power be meant; for she holds that in Shakspeare the male and female characters bear precisely the same relation to each other that they do in nature and in society†—but, taking the strong and essential distinction of sex into consideration, she maintains, and goes very far to prove, that Shakspeare's women are equal to his men in truth, in variety, and in power. The classification adopted, in treating of this splendid portrait-gallery, is almost of course arbitrary and open to exception; but the skill displayed in critical interpretation, poetical sympathy, psychological analysis, and studious comprehensiveness, is most excellent. To every diligent student of Shakspeare, the aid of Mrs. Jameson's commentaries is invaluable; to the collector of criticisms on his peerless dramas, her "Characteristics" must no more be overlooked than the contributions of Coleridge and

Hazlitt, of Lamb, George Moir,* De Quincey,† Hartley Coleridge,‡ Wilson,§ Knight, Hallam, Fletcher, Campbell, Goethe, A. W. Schlegel, Tieck, Ulrici, and others. She divides her characters into classes, under the heads of Intellect and Wit—Fancy and Passion—Sentiment and Affection. The historical characters are considered apart, as requiring a different mode of illustration, and their dramatic delineation is illustrated by all the historic testimony the industrious author could collect.

The four "representative women" of Intellect—Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind—are delicately discriminated. Portia is intellect kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; Isabella, intellect elevated by religious principle: Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit of the first is compared to attar of roses; of the second (who, however, seems a little out of place in this category), to incense wafted to heaven; of the third, to sal-volatile; of the fourth, to cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar. To Portia, Mrs. Jameson assigns the first rank among the four, as more eminently embodying all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman (albeit we must own to some share in Hazlitt's confession that the Lady of Belmont was "no great favorite of his"—comparatively, that is, when Imogen, Cordelia, Miranda, and others are remembered). Besides lavish endowments of womanly dignity, sweetness, and tenderness, Portia is here individualized by high mental powers, enthusiasm of temperament, decision of purpose, and buoyancy of spirit. There is seen a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all she does and says: she is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; her unruffled life has left this wisdom without a touch of the sombre or the sad—this tenderness, without peril to faith, hope, and joy—this wit, without a particle of malevolence or causticity. Her strength of intellect "takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination."¶ If Portia is like the orange-tree, hung at once with golden fruit and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favoring

* The Duchesse de Longueville being instanced, as one whom History represents, in her relation to Fronde, as a fury of discord, a woman without modesty or pity, "bold, intriguing, profligate, vain, ambitious, factions;" and, on the other hand, in her protection of Arnauld,—an angel of benevolence, and a worshipper of goodness. History, it is contended, provides nothing to connect the two extremes in our fancy. Whereas, if Shakspeare had drawn the Duchesse's character, he would have shown us the same individual woman in both situations—since the same being, with the same faculties, and passions, and powers, it surely was.

† Thus: Juliet is the most impassioned of Shakspeare's "heroines;" but what are her passions to those which shake the soul of Othello?—"even as the dewdrop on the myrtle-leaf to the vexed sea." Constance frantic for the loss of her son, is to Lear, maddened by the ingratitude of his daughters, as the west wind bowing the aspen tops to the tropic hurricane.

* "Shakspeare in Germany," etc.

† "On the Knocking at the Door in Macbeth," Life of Shakspeare in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, etc.

‡ "Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman," "The Character of Hamlet," etc.

§ In his reviews of Mrs. Jameson, *Dies Boreales*, etc.

¶ Mrs. Jameson's "moral," in the instance of Portia, is, that such a woman, placed in this age, would find society armed against her; and instead of being, like Portia, a gracious, happy, beloved, and loving creature, would be a victim, immolated in fire to that multitudinous Moloch termed Opinion.

skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven,—Isabella is like a stately and graceful cedar, towering on some alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. Isabella combines natural grace and grandeur with the habits and sentiments of a recluse—of austerity of life with gentleness of manner—of inflexible moral principle with humility and even bashfulness of deportment; her fine powers of reasoning are allied to a natural uprightness and purity, which no sophistry can warp and no allurements betray. A strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm flows beneath this calm and saintly self-possession—the impressiveness of her character is indeed created by the observed capacity for high feeling and generous indignation, veiled beneath the sweet austere composure of the *religieuse*. Beatrice, again, is treated as wilful, not wayward; volatile, but not unfeeling; exuberant not only in wit and gaiety, but in heart, and soul, and energy of spirit—a faithful portrait of the fine lady of Shakspeare's time, but as unlike the head-tossing, fan-flirting, fine ladies of modern comedy as Sir Philip Sydney was unlike one of our modern dandies. Rosalind;—superior to Beatrice as a woman, though inferior in dramatic force; a portrait of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth; a being playful, pastoral, and picturesque—breathing of “youth and youth's sweet prime”—fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them; her volubility, like the bird's song, the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses; her mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and *naïveté*, like a delicious strain of music.

Of the characters of Passion and Imagination, comes Juliet first. Love, in its poetical aspect, is the union of passion and imagination; and Juliet is Love itself. It is her very being; the soul within her soul, the pulse within her heart, the life-blood along her veins.* In her it is exhibited under every variety of aspect, and every gradation of feeling it could possibly assume in a delicate female heart. In Helena, there is superadded to fervent, enthusiastic, self-forgetting love, a strength of character which in Juliet is wanting. Helena's love is cherished in secret, but not self-consuming in silent languishment; it is patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. Her position in the play is

shocking and degrading, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all, by its internal resources, and its genuine truth and sweetness. Perdita is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess—a creature signalized by perfect beauty and airy elegance of demeanor, by natural loftiness of spirit and upright simplicity, or conscientiousness, which disdains all crooked and indirect means. Viola is, perhaps, a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring. Ophelia! so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider her too deeply:—her love, a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own;—a being far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life;—a character before which eloquence is mute—though Mrs. Jameson's eloquence finds for her sweet similitudes in a strain of sad dulcet music floating by us on the wings of night and silence, rather felt than heard, and in the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms, and in the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth, and in the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses. So young, that she is unaware of the nature of her own feelings, which are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; for love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. And Miranda—so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal; yet who, beside Ariel, that creature of elemental light and air, appears a palpable reality, a woman “breathing thoughtful breath,” a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

Hermione leads on the characters of the Affections,—a queenly instance of the proverb, “Still waters run deep”—her deportment, her every word breathing a majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession—one whose passions are not vehement, but in whose settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. Her sweet child Perdita, again—in whom conscientiousness and firmness mingle with picturesque delicacy; and Desdemona, not weak, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence;—and Imogen, model unsurpassable of conjugal tenderness, marred by nothing jealous or fan-

* Mrs. Jameson warmly protests against likening Shakspeare's Juliet to Rousseau's Julie—that impetuous paradox—that strange combination of youth and innocence, philosophy and pedantry, sophistical prudery and detestable *grossièreté*. She does well to be angry at the comparison, common as it is.

tastic in its devotion;—and lastly, Cordelia,—characterized by absence of all display, by sobriety of speech veiling the most profound affections, by quiet steadiness of purpose, and shrinking from all display of emotion.

It will enhance the value of Mrs. Jameson's Shakspearean criticisms, to think of what might be expected from other and "distinguished" authoresses, were *they* to undertake the theme. As a Scottish reviewer has suggested in the instance of the popular Mrs. Ellis (in whom, however, we confess ourselves all but entirely unread)—"what could *she* have said of Juliet? how would she have contrived to twist Beatrice into a pattern Miss? Perdita! would she have sent her to a boarding-school? or insisted on *finishing*, according to the Hannah More pattern, the divine Miranda? Imagine her criticism on Lady Macbeth, or on Ophelia's dying speech and confession, or her revelation of the 'Family Secrets' of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor!'"—But even this ironical query jars on the ear, in a paper devoted to so stanch a protester against the faintest show of scorn or satire as Mrs. Jameson.

Propos of her work on Canada, Dr. Channing said, "I do not know a writer whose works breathe more of the spontaneous—the *free*. Beauty and truth seem to come to her unsought."* Of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," and "Loves of the Poets," the Ettrick Shepherd (Ambrose's improved edition) is made to say, "Oh! sir, you were maist beautiful specimens o' eloquent and impassionat prase composition as ever drapped like hinny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs. Jameson amang us—we maun indeed.†" Her very numerous productions in the service and illustration of Art, we must dismiss with a passing salutation—her "Handbook" and "Companion" to Private Galleries, her æsthetic "Essays," "Early Italian Painters," "Spanish School of Painters," "Washington Allston," etc., etc. In her "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." she has, says Christopher North, "nought extenuated nor set down aught in malice," when speaking of the frail and vicious; and her own clear spirit kindles over the record of their lives, who, in the polluted air of that court, spite of all trials and temptations, preserved without flaw or stain the jewel of their souls, their virtue.‡ "Social Life in Germany" comprises able translations of the acted dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony—rendered with spirit and grace, and commented on with unflinching tact and intelligence.

The "Sacred and Legendary Art" series, including "Legends of the Monastic Orders," is a worthy contribution to so important a

theme by one who, if she has not much sympathy with modern imitations of mediæval art, can still less sympathize with that "narrow puritanical jealousy which holds the monuments of a real and earnest faith in contempt." In this field is finely displayed her remarkable critical prowess—her faculty of genial, pictorial exposition—her enthusiasm, which yet discriminates when at summer-heat—her judicial temperateness, which so happily avoids whatever is captious. Of the subjects composing this interesting series, we select, for such hasty notice as may be available here, the section devoted to "Legends of the Madonna."

One of Hawthorne's pensive people is made to say, "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of his awful splendor, but permitting his love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness." This is the sentiment of a much-meditating man, who declares he had never found it possible to suffer a bearded priest so near his heart and conscience as to do him any spiritual good, but who recognizes in woman the religious feeling in a quite other aspect, in its utmost depth and purity, "refined from that gross, intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian—save only One, who merely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, divine—has been prone to mingle it." A writer who had composed such a work as the "Characteristics of Woman," and such another as "Sacred and Legendary Art," was right aptly qualified to undertake such a third as "Legends of the Madonna."

"I could never," says Sir Thomas Brown, "hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation,* or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is in silence, and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her I offered mine to God"—a practice worthy of the devout Philosopher (for such was the author of "Religio Medici"), who, staunch Protestant as he was, could dispense with his hat at the sight of a cross or crucifix, and weep abundantly at a solemn procession, while his "consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, fell into an excess of scorn and laughter.†" In such a matter, antipodean as we are to Rome, we would rather err with Sir Thomas (not the sort of man to fall in with "vulgar errors"), than be in rigid right (without curve or flexibility in its Protestant spine) with the over righteous. Wordsworth, too, we can quote on the same side:—

* Memoirs of W. E. Channing.

† *Noctes Amb.*, No. 47 (1829).

‡ *Ibid.* No. 59 (1831).

* Some MSS. read *Oraison*.

† *Religio Medici*, i, § 3.

Yet some I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mix'd and reconcil'd in thee,
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene.*

Even so extreme a dissentient from aught that is Romish in faith or practice as Mr. W. J. Fox, the free-thinking member, for Oldham, has emphatically pronounced the very worship of the Madonna to be "this least objectionable of all idolatries," the "most lovely and, in its tendencies, most useful of all superstitions."† Now, Mrs. Jameson is no rash zealot in anything she handles—critical theological, or æsthetical. Be it true or not, that the way to Rome is through Geneva, she, at least, abides at a salubrious distance from both. So far is she from blindly venerating every phase of Madonna art, that she sees fit to ask for the generous construction of those to whom every aspect of the subject is sacred—alleging that, in her investigations, she had had to ascend most perilous heights, and to dive into terribly obscure depths; and that although not for worlds would she be guilty of a scoffing allusion to any belief, or any object hallowed by sincere and earnest hearts, yet was it not possible for her to write in a tone of acquiescence, where her feeling and opinion were shocked. On the other hand she stands up *womanfully* for what there is of elevating and refining influence, or of historical and ecclesiastical value, in Madonna portraiture. She holds that if, in the old times, it was a species of idolatry to regard these beautiful representations as endued with a specific sanctity and power; so, in these days, it is a sort of atheism to look upon them reckless of their significance, regardless of the influences through which they were produced, without acknowledgment of the mind which called them into being, without reference to the intention of the artist in his own creation. She acknowledges that the *Madonna and Child* is a subject so consecrated by its antiquity, so hallowed by its profound import, so endeared by its associations with the softest and deepest of our human sympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become satiated with its beauty. Those, she affirms, who refuse to give it the honor due to a religious representation, yet regard it with a tender, half-unwilling homage; and when the glorified type of what is purest, loftiest, holiest in womanhood, stands before us, arrayed in all the majesty and beauty that accomplished Art, inspired by faith and love,

could lend her, and bearing her divine Son, rather enthroned than sustained on her maternal bosom, "we look, and the heart is in heaven!" and it is difficult, very difficult, to refrain from an *Ora pro Nobis*.

And where, amid the varieties and successive presentments of Art, does she find the "highest, holiest impersonation" of this glorious type of womanhood? She reviews the separate schools, and points out their distinctive features—the stern, awful quietude of the old Mosaics—the hard lifelessness of the degenerate Greek—the pensive sentiment of the Siena, and stately elegance of the Florentine Madonnas—the intellectual Milanese, with their large foreheads and thoughtful eyes—the tender refined mysticism of the Umbrian—the sumptuous loveliness of the Venetian—the quaint, characteristic simplicity of the early German—the intense life-like feeling of the Spanish—the prosaic, portrait-like nature of the Flemish schools; and so on. The realization of Mrs. Jameson's ideal she finds not in the mere woman, nor yet in the mere idol: not in "those lovely creations which awaken a sympathetic throb of tenderness; nor in those stern, motionless types, which embody a dogma; not in the classic features of marble goddesses, borrowed as models; nor in the painted images which stare upon us from tawdry altars in flaxen wigs and embroidered petticoats." For anything of the latter class she has a proper *ultimatum* of contempt, artistic and religious both. Nor is she very tolerant of that seventeenth century school, from whose studies every trace of the mystical and solemn conception of antiquity gradually disappeared, till, for the majestic ideal of womanhood was substituted merely inane prettiness, or rustic, or even meretricious grace, the borrowed charms of some earthly exemplar—and thus in depicting the "Mourning Mother," the sentiment of beauty was allowed to predominate over that of the mother's agony—"and I have seen," she says, "the sublime Mater Dolorosa transformed into a merely beautiful and youthful maiden, with such an air of sentimental grief as might serve for the loss of a sparrow." Once then, and once only, has Mrs. Jameson seen realized her own ideal—in Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*—in which she recognizes the transfigured woman, at once completely human and divine, an abstraction of power, purity and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support: looking out, with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly-dilated, sibiline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things—sad as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through Him, now resting as enthroned on that heart; yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed

* Ecclesiastical Sonnets, No. 25.

† See (or, if you are jealous of your orthodoxy, do not see) Fox on "The Religious Ideas." 1849.

generations who were to salute her as blessed.* But it is refreshing to follow Mrs. Jameson in her genial criticism of other painters, at once enthusiastic and discriminating; and indeed she purposely sets aside, in a great measure, individual preferences, and all predilections, for particular schools and particular periods of Art. A few pointed words serve to hint her estimate of the several examples under review—the dignified severity of the Virgins of Botticelli, Lorenzo di Credi's chaste simplicity, and Fra Bartolomeo's† noble tenderness—the imposing majesty of the true Caracci style—the Asiatic magnificence of Paul Veronese, Titian's truth to nature combined with Elysian grace, and the natural affectionate sentiments pervading the Venetian school—the soft, yet joyous maternal feeling portrayed so well by Correggio—Albert Durer's homely domesticity and fertile fancy—the sumptuous and picturesque treatment of “that rare and fascinating artist,” Giorgione—Guido's grand but mannered style—the purity and simplicity of Bellini, whose every Madonna is “pensive, sedate and sweet”—the homely, vigorous truth and consummate delicacy in detail of Holbein's happiest efforts—Murillo, *par excellence* the painter of the Conception, and embodying spotless grace, ethereal refinement, benignity, repose, “the very apotheosis of womanhood”—Michael Angelo, so good, so religious, yet deficient in humility and sympathy, semi-pagan in some of his imaginations, and sometimes most un-Christian in his conception of Christ—and Rubens, with his scenic effect and dramatic movement, his portraiture of coarse hearty life and domestic affectionate expression, and his occasionally daring bad taste. An edifying chapter might be devoted to an exposition of “bad taste” in the history of Madonna Art—a few illustrations of which Mrs. Jameson alludes to: Carravaggio's Death of the Virgin, for instance, pronounced wonderful for its in-

* Legends of the Madonna, p. 44.

† All these three Florentine artists were the disciples and admirers of Savonarola, who distinguished himself *inter alia periculosa* by thundering against the offensive adornments of the Madonna, as encouraged by the Medici family. An interesting passage in Mrs. Jameson's Introduction relates to this procedure of Savonarola, and his influence on the greatest Florentine artists of his time.

tense natural expression, and in the same degree grotesque from its impropriety*—Andrea del Sarto's habit of depicting the features of his handsome, but vulgar and infamous wife (Lucretia) in every Madonna he painted—and indeed the introduction at all of historical personages into devotional subjects, especially when the models were notoriously worthless.‡ More amusing are such conceits as the introduction of the court-dwarf and the court-fool in the train of the adoring Magi, themselves booted and spurred—the swollen-cheeked bagpiper in Caracci's Nativity—St. John carrying two puppies in the lapplets of his coat, and the dog leaping up to him (in Salimbeni's Holy Family)—the maliciously significant presence of a cat and dog in the very fire-front of the Marriage at Cana, by Luini—the Spanish fancy for seating the Virgin under a tree, in guise of an Arcadian pastorella, in a broad-brimmed hat, a crook in her hand, and in the act of feeding her flock with the mystical roses, etc. The vagaries of symbolism in certain stages of the Art are quite infinite and nondescript.

If this graceful, tasteful book exhausts not the subject it illustrates, 'tis because the subject is simply inexhaustible. As, indeed, Raphael saw and said. For, when his friend, Marc Antonio, discovered him (we give Mr. Curtis's‡ version of the story) engaged upon the Sistine picture, and exclaimed—“*Cospetto!* another Madonna?” Raphael gravely answered, “*Amico mio*, were all artists to paint her portrait for ever, they could never exhaust her beauty.” And on Raphael's principle the practice of Art in Christendom has been founded.

By the time this paper is in print, the concluding volume of this “Sacred and Legendary” series will probably be before the public. To it, as to aught besides from the same authority, we look with unsated appetite.

* Mrs. Jameson quotes, without demur, the saying that “Carravaggio always painted like a ruffian because he *was* a ruffian.”

† As in one of the frescoes in the Vatican, where Giulia Farnese appears in the character of the Madonna, and Pope Alexander VI. (Borgia) kneels at her feet as a votary.

‡ See the dedication prefixed to the “Wanderer in Syria.”

From the Tribune.

THE PRESS IN TURKEY.

A SHORT time ago we were enabled to lay before our readers a tolerably full account of the state of the Press in Sweden; and now that the Ottoman Empire is playing so conspicuous a part in European politics, we have taken some pains to examine into the rise and present position of the Turkish Press.

Although shortly after the discovery of the

art, there were several Hebrew, Greek and Armenian printing establishments in Constantinople, yet it was not until the reign of Sultan Achmed III., on the 5th July, 1727, and after a long contest with the Ulemas, a Turkish printing-office was founded in the Capital of the Mussulman Empire. But however recent the introduction of printing in Turkish may be, that of newspapers among the Turks is of a still more modern origin. Indeed, journalism in Turkey is only some twenty-five years old.

Alexander Blacque, a Frenchman, commenced, in 1826, in Smyrna, *Le Spectateur de l'Orient*. This paper, which soon afterward took the title of *Le Courrier de Smyrne*, was the first periodical political sheet ever published in Turkey, and exercised a great influence over the struggle in Greece, which took place from 1825 to 1828. At a time when the whole of the European press strongly supported the independence of Greece, and preached up a crusade against the Turks, *Le Courrier de Smyrne*, alone defended the rights and supported the interests of the Porte, and by its energetic opposition to the Hellenic Government, assisted not a little the overthrow and perhaps the murder of Capo d'Istria.

In 1831, the Sultan summoned Blacque to Constantinople, where he founded the *Moniteur Ottoman*, the official organ of the Porte. It was published in French. On the 14th of May, in the following year, appeared the *Taqvimi veqna'i*, (The Table of Events,) in some respects a mere reproduction of the *Moniteur Ottoman*, in the Turkish language. This paper was very carefully edited.

Several of the foreign Ambassadors in Pera regarded this circumstance with considerable uneasiness—some because they feared the increasing enlightenment of Turkey, and others from a jealousy of French influence. Diplomatic notes were consequently sent to the Porte; but Sultan Mahmud persisted in allowing the *Moniteur Ottoman* to pursue its course, in spite of the disagreeable position it placed him in, with respect to the foreign embassies. In 1836, however, Blacque suddenly died in Malta, as he was travelling on a secret mission of the Sultan's to France. Two other persons, namely, Franceschi, formerly Danish Consul, and a certain Egyptian, succeeded Blacque as editors, but also died suddenly in the course of the following two years. The editorship of the *Moniteur Ottoman* then devolved on Lucien Rovet, who held it until 1848, when he became Chancellor of the French Legation at Constantinople.

When Blacque retired from *Le Courrier de Smyrne* he was succeeded by Bosquet Deschamps, who gave it the name of the *Journal de Smyrne*. The City of Smyrna possessed, one after the other, five newspapers. The second one was the *Echo de l'Orient*, started by the Tuscan Consul General Bargigli, and afterward edited by Conturier, a French merchant. This paper, too, was published in French. The third one was commenced by an assistant of Deschamps, of the name of Edwards, and called *L'Impartial de Smyrne*. It made its first appearance in an English dress, but afterward was printed in French. It is the only French paper that has remained at Smyrna. The *Journal de Smyrne* and the *Echo de l'Orient* were soon removed to Constantinople, where

they coalesced, and since 1846 have been published under the title of *Journal de Constantinople*, *Echo de l'Orient*. After their removal to the capital four other new journals appeared in Smyrna—two in modern Greek, the *Amolthea* and the *Journal of Smyrna*; one in the Armenian language, the *Archalonis*, or *Aurora*; and finally a fourth, the *Chakbar Misrah*, or *Aurora of the East*, in Hebrew.

Even as new ideas and new interests became apparent in the Empire the number of newspapers in Constantinople increased. At the present time the city possesses thirteen periodical sheets, printed in the different languages of the country. Two appear in the Turkish: one of them is the *Taqvimi-veqna'i*, a weekly paper, but one that issues a duplicate in the Armenian language. This sheet has an official character. Then there is the *Djeridei-Havass*, (The News Register) also a weekly sheet, and which, like the Government organ, does not pay much attention to foreign politics. Four other papers appear in the French language, namely, the *Journal de Constantinople*, which comes out on the 4th, 9th, 14th, 19th, 24th, and 29th of each month; while the *Courier de Constantinople* appears on the 4th, 14th, and 24th of the month; and lastly, there is the *Gazette Medicale* published monthly. There are also four journals printed in Italian. The *Omnibus* twice a week, Tuesdays and Saturdays, the *Indicator Byzantino* a weekly, devoted to the interests of the mercantile classes, the *Album Byzantino* also a weekly. In the Romaine there are two, one a legal paper and the *Telegraphos tou Bosporou*, both appearing once a week. An Armenian, a Bulgarian and one in Russian, the *Novina Bulgarska*, complete the list.

The *Taqvimi-veqna'i* is got up at the expense of the Government. Most of the other papers, especially the political ones, such as the *Djeridei*, the *Journal de Constantinople*, the *Courier*, the *Telegraph*, and even the *Impartial de Smyrne*, receive from the Government a yearly subsidy of 30,000 piastres (\$1,311.) The *Journal de Constantinople* receives double this amount, owing to its connection with the *Echo de l'Orient*.

Several other journals appear in the provinces, some in French and some in the language of the country; thus, for instance, there are seven in Belgrade and five in Bucharest, while only one is published in Alexandria. Such, as far as we have been able to ascertain, is the present position of the public press in Turkey, and knowing what a high moral power it is, since it quickens mind everywhere, and puts in force those principles which tend to lessen public and private evils, and to exalt and dignify our common humanity, we shall be glad to see it advance in future as rapidly as it has already done during the last quarter of a century.

From The Economist, 10 Dec.

WHAT RUSSIA HAS DONE, AND WHAT SHE MUST NOW DO.

If we could suppose that a man who has borne for half a lifetime the weight of office, could feel the burden of responsibility like ordinary men; if it were probable that the exercise of absolute will for upwards of a quarter of a century over countless square miles of territory and sixty millions of human beings, had not hardened the Czar of Russia against common sensibilities, — we might picture him to ourselves sitting in a reverie of gloomy regret and remorse at what he has brought upon himself and upon Europe. Into the course of a few months he has contrived to compress years of iniquity and failure. He has committed a great wrong; he has lost a high character; he has made a grand mistake; he has broken a peace which may prove impossible to restore; he has opened questions which neither he nor any one else can see their way to solve.

He has committed a great wrong. Watching his opportunity and seizing his moment with much daring and much astuteness — but a daring that has overshot its mark and an astuteness that has for once been imperfect and at fault — he made a stride towards his eternal purpose, which he imagined its very suddenness and audacity would make successful. He knew that England was constitutionally averse from war — that she hated it as a foolish and expensive pastime, and that she was beginning to hate it as a weighty crime. He underestimated our spirit, and overestimated our caution. He believed that nothing would drive us into actual hostilities, and that at all events we should do nothing more than protest against a *fait accompli*. He was convinced that a confiding alliance and cordial action between France and England was impossible. Some of our journals had given him ample reason for this conviction. He saw that Turkey was growing stronger every day, and that if he struck at all he must strike soon; and he believed her feeble and timid enough to yield to a sudden and insolent demand, if made with sufficient display of force and determination. Without the shadow of a pretext (for the Sultan had just acceded to his requirements about the Holy Places) he sent an Envoy of high rank, in great state, and with much display of military grandeur, to insist on the concession to Russia of a Protectorate over four-fifths of the European subjects of the Porte — to insist, in fact, on Turkey yielding up her sovereignty and independence into his hands. *He chose a moment when the British Ambassador was absent, and demanded an answer in eight days.* He imagined that Turkey would either yield at once, or that, in case of refusal, he could crush her

at once. The demand was that of a robber: the mode of proceeding was that of a bully. There was not even a plausible ground for the demand. Since Napoleon's invasion of Spain, Europe has seen nothing more unwarrantable. Turkey was weak — he was strong: therefore he would take what he wished. It is long since so audacious and barefaced a blow has been struck at the laws of international morality.

He made a grand mistake. It was one of those cases in which either success must be immediate or failure certain. He was mistaken as to Turkey's weakness: he was mistaken as to her timidity. He overshot his mark. His insolence, which was intended to overawe, did nothing but arouse. The high spirit of the Ottomans was excited to a degree quite unusual and unexpected. The French and British Envoys encouraged Turkey to refuse compliance, and enabled her to gain time by negotiating while preparing for resistance. She called forth the whole strength of her empire, and found herself equal to the struggle. The *coup-de-main* had failed; and the bully was compelled to fight. The emperor was not prepared for this. He had expected to get all he asked by menaces, and was not ready for actual blows. His troops have been worsted both in Asia and on the Danube. Not only we, but all his enemies and all his victims — those whom he has robbed, those whom he has bullied, and those whom he has oppressed — are beginning to see much and to suspect much more as to the unreality of his vaunted strength; and the *prestige*, which he had so long, so cheaply, and so profitably kept up, is fast dwindling away. His blunder must now be apparent to himself as well as to Europe.

He has blundered in another point of view. He has too completely thrown off the mask ever to be able to resume it again. His designs have been avowed; and he will not now be allowed to march towards them by quiet intrigue as silently and steadily as of yore. England and France cannot now permit this quarrel to be ended on any terms which will leave the door open to a renewal of it. By attempting to pluck the pear before it was ripe, Nicholas has lost it altogether.

He has lost a high character. He was the one despot of Europe, amid the wretched tyrants who blundered and sinned upon other thrones, who made despotism almost respectable. He was supposed to be stern and inflexible, but high-minded and just — according to his own notions of those virtues; honestly afraid and mistrustful of democratic progress; the friend of order; the protector of the established state of things; — altogether a most worthy and estimable gentleman, with views somewhat narrow and old-fashioned, perhaps, but still natural and pardonable enough. All this delusion he has carefully destroyed.

He has stood forth before the world as an unscrupulous aggressor, a baffled invader;—a man whom any pretext will serve to despoil a weak or unguarded neighbor, who hesitates at no violation of law and justice to overpower his victim, who shrinks from no falsehood to deceive his allies;—a conqueror who cannot be trusted—a sovereign who cannot be believed. The most solemn asseverations of Russian diplomatists, he has taught us to estimate at their real value. They are drafts upon the faith of Europe to which in future the answer “no effects” must be returned.

He has broken a peace of thirty-eight years’ duration, which, now that it is broken, it may not be possible to restore. He has opened questions which no statesman or potentate may be able to settle. He—the despot *par excellence*—the devoted friend to monarchical constitutions and autocratic rights—has given the signal for throwing Europe, as it were, into a cauldron of ebullition, which will call from their slumbers or their prisons all the elements of democratic convulsion which four years ago were put down so savagely, so effectually, with so much difficulty, and at the cost of so much crime. In a time of unbroken peace, tyranny might hold her own and go on unchecked. But not so if once war breaks out. War involves sooner or later a re-settlement of Europe. War involves a rising in Hungary for the recovery of her crushed liberties, which (with Turkey as her natural ally and England and France as her allies by the force of circumstances, and Russia fully occupied elsewhere) can scarcely terminate as it did in 1849. War involves another insurrection in Italy, with which Austria could not deal single-handed, with Hungary against her too. War would, therefore, probably involve the complete break-up of the Austrian empire, and all the perplexing eventualities which would arise out of such an event—eventualities which we do not wonder that all statesmen shrink from facing—eventualities which *may* mean that deadly, internecine, interminable “war of opinion,” which Napoleon and Canning concurred in prophesying.

What then—to sum up all in a few words—do we owe to Muscovite folly and Muscovite ambition? Turkey has arisen from her ashes, strong in the strength and vivid with the vitality of Right; and has displayed a sagacity, a spirit, a forbearance, a vigor, a richness of resources, which have astonished and delighted her allies. She has shown that she is not a mere worm, to be trampled upon at pleasure. She has exemplified many of the virtues of Christianity, of which her opponent can show nothing but the name. She has recovered her place among the substantive Powers of Europe. *And we have Nicholas to thank for this.* England and France (between which Powers it

cannot be denied that there existed a while ago considerable jealousy and mistrust) have been, as it were, driven into a genuine and cordial alliance in a good cause; and against these Powers united the Czar well knows that he can do nothing. *And for this alliance we have Nicholas to thank.* Louis Napoleon, the especial object of the dislike and contempt of his “Brother,” at St. Petersburg, has had an opportunity afforded him of obtaining an entrance in reality as well as in name within the magic circle of European Royalty, and of gaining that character for prudence, moderation, and good faith which the Emperor of Russia has so recklessly thrown away. *And it is Nicholas who has given him this opportunity.* England and France—two Powers whose army, navy, and treasury combined might have at once dictated any terms they pleased, might have easily seized by war that glory for which one of them at least has been supposed to thirst—have labored in most conscientious unison to preserve peace and avert bloodshed, and have had an opportunity of showing how superior they are to mere objects of selfish or personal aggrandizement. *And they have to thank Nicholas for this.* Lastly, Poland, Hungary, and Italy see that their most formidable foe, the bitterest enemy of freedom and democratic institutions, has been playing their game, ripening their pear, giving them the golden opportunity they have long waited for, for striking one more simultaneous blow at their oppressors; and they can almost forgive him the crime of 1849 in consideration of the folly of 1853;—while Austria sees herself brought to the verge of another desperate struggle for existence,—and *blames Nicholas as the cause.*

The Czar, therefore, has much to undo and much to atone for. It appears to us that he has now but one course to pursue, consistently with decorum or prudence. Let him grasp at the opportunity now offered by the final agreement of Austria and Prussia with England and France in their efforts to effect a settlement. It is understood that all four Powers have now come to a united decision that Turkey shall be supported in her resistance to Russian demands, that the Czar shall evacuate the Principalities, and that no change in the territorial arrangement of Europe shall be permitted. To such a coalition Russia may yield without humiliation: against such a coalition she cannot possibly contend without final and probably prompt discomfiture and enormous loss. It is true she has been worsted at the outset of the war; and however willing and anxious the Czar may be to end the unprofitable struggle, he may feel desirous to postpone negotiations till his arms have in some measure retrieved his fortune:—of this there might have been some chance so long as he had only Turkey to deal with:—of this, however, there is no pos-

sibility, now that the four Powers have taken their ground and announced to him their resolution to stand by it unflinchingly. This point once made clear and certain, the protraction and extension of hostilities must constantly place him in a worse and worse position for treating with credit and success. It is true, also, that by retreating from his false position, he will lose much of the *prestige* of his great name, and weaken his hold on the South-Eastern Provinces of his empire; but this punishment he has brought upon himself, and richly deserved,—and his danger would be far greater, his mortification severer, and his discomfiture more marked and more widely known among those semi-barbarous populations, if he waited till the combined forces of Turkey and her allies have inflicted upon him some signal defeat and humiliation which will be obvious to every eye and resound through every nook and corner of his dominions. If he retires now, he retires before an overwhelming force, which it would be simply madness to oppose; and the

most famous general or the mightiest potentate may do this without disgrace.

If he takes this course—the only wise and dignified one now left open to him—what will have been the net result of the long and anxious mixture of battles and protocols which have agitated us for so many months? It may be summed up in two words: *the unmasking of Russia and the resurrection of Turkey*. We shall know, better than we ever did before, what we have to guard against, and what means we have of guarding against it. In future, no statesman will be afraid of supporting a Power which has shown how wisely she can act and how gallantly she can fight in her own behalf;—and no statesman will again blindly trust an Autocrat who has proclaimed so loudly how audacious are his pretensions and how unscrupulous are the agencies by which he works. We shall not again, it is to be hoped, sleep over the “Eastern Question,” or leave it in a position which will render Europe liable to a recurrence of our recent perils.

From The Spectator.

WALLACE'S AMAZON AND RIO NEGRO.*

EXCEPT a fire at sea on his homeward voyage, with the consequent loss of his collection, there is not much incident in the travels of Mr. Wallace, nor anything in the shape of large discovery. His explorations on the Amazon and Rio Negro, the Northern branch of that mighty river, form, however, an enchainment work. In the novelty of its scenery and manners, in the truthful, albeit somewhat literal picture of what the traveller saw and felt, in the quiet earnestness by which obstacles were surmounted by Talleyrand's favorite rule of waiting, and in the patience with which sickness, suffering, and privation were submitted to, the *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* remind us of the simplicity of the old voyagers. Cramped in a canoe by day, sleeping by night in a hammock slung upon a tree, or in a half-open shed, with gruel and coffee for diet, save when the line or the gun provided a meal, were at best the accommodations on a river voyage. In the upper part of the streams, rocks, rapids, and falls, intervened to impose severe labor and no small risk. On shore, matters were often not much better. Except at Pará, the capital of the region, and a few towns on the banks of the main streams, house-building is an art

very little advanced: in some places, indeed, they do not trouble themselves to level the floor. A little industry would enable the country to produce almost everything, yet little can be got which does not grow spontaneously. Bad beef in the larger towns is the only article of meat; fish in the smaller places can mostly be had for catching, and fowls sometimes. The bulk of the inhabitants live upon rice or preparations of the arrow-root family and fruits, washed down by a kind of rum, when they can get it. Coffee and sugar, though growing spontaneously, have to be imported from other parts of Brazil; the lamentable results of—to speak plainly—laziness. This was the state of Barra, a sort of emporium, and a principal city.

The city of Barra, the capital of the province and the residence of the President, was now in a very miserable condition. No vessel had arrived from Pará for five months, and all supplies were exhausted. Flour had been long since finished, consequently there was no bread; neither was there biscuit, butter, sugar, cheese, wine, nor vinegar; molasses even, to sweeten our coffee, was very scarce; and the spirit of the country (cachaça) was so nearly exhausted that it could only be obtained at retail and in the smallest quantities: everybody was reduced to farina and fish, with beef twice a week and turtle about as often.

This laziness, which is strong enough in the pure Portuguese blood and half-breeds, is carried to an awful pitch in the Indians. Scarcely any offers of payment will induce them to work regularly or when you want them. Week after week and sometimes for a month, was Mr. Wallace kept at a spot for want of

* A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro; with an Account of the Native Tribes, and Observations on the Climate, Geology, and Natural History of the Amazon Valley. By Alfred R. Wallace. With a Map and Illustrations. Published by Reeve & Co.

boatmen: even when they had engaged themselves and received their pay, (it is the custom of the country to pay beforehand, or more truly to go upon a universal system of tick), they would take themselves off. Besides these social evils, there is an Egyptian plague of something worse than flies—mosquitoes, ants, and other insects, give the unlucky traveller little respite, and sometimes seriously injure him if their bites are neglected. With good food and proper precautions, the climate appears to be healthy, though under the Equator; the exposure and privations of Mr. Wallace at last brought on dysentery, fever, and ague. But when able to quit his hammock, he still struggled on in search of insects, birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles. This is an example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties at San Jeronimo.

Here we were tolerably free from chegoes, but had another plague, far worse, because more continual. We had suffered more or less from piums in all parts of the river, but here they were in such countless myriads as to render it almost impossible to sit down during the day. It was most extraordinary that previously to this year they had never been known in the river. Senhor L. and the Indians all agreed that a pium had hitherto been a rarity, and now they were as plentiful as in their very worst haunts. Having long discarded the use of stockings in these "altitudes," and not anticipating any such pest, I did not bring a pair, which would have been useful to defend my feet and ankles in the house, as the pium, unlike the mosquito, does not penetrate any covering, however thin.

As it was, the torments I suffered when skinning a bird or drawing a fish can scarcely be imagined by the unexperienced. My feet were so thickly covered with the little blood-spots produced by their bites, as to be of a dark purplish red color, and much swelled and inflamed. My hands suffered similarly, but in a less degree, being more constantly in motion. The only means of taking a little rest in the day, was by wrapping up hands and feet in a blanket. The Indians close their houses, as these insects do not bite in the dark; but ours having no door, we could not resort to this expedient.

The motive of our author's enterprise was in part to see the splendor of Tropical scenery, and to luxuriate in the teeming nature of Tropical life both animal and vegetable. He was disappointed. In the immediate neighborhood of Para, the grand and distinctive features of Tropical scenery had been removed, and the same result would doubtless follow in any case of extended settlement. The vegetation he did see at Para was not so striking as he expected; and the scenery, as we infer, straggling, ragged, and unkept—like an English landscape abutting on a low and dirty suburb. In the forest it-

self the position of the Scotch Sheriff was reversed, and you often could not see the trees for the wood. Tropical vegetation opposes itself to examination. You have to cut a path before you can make your way. Even when there happens to be a track, the view is bounded; though many specimens, especially of the parasite order—gigantic creepers clinging to gigantic trees—were wonderfully impressive. Then, animated nature was not so rife as Mr. Wallace had expected. The creatures were there, but, except insects and reptiles you had rather avoid, they were not in great numbers, and could not be got sight of without searching their haunts, and not always then. In fact, Mr. Wallace did not allow for descriptive art. He thought that all the traveller sees was to be seen at once; taking the descriptions for "studies from nature," instead of "compositions." The practical drawback of personal discomfort from many causes that beset the explorer of a Tropical forest beyond what the reader experiences in his chair, might have something to do with the disappointment. His own descriptions of primeval nature have a similar effect to those of other writers, though he does not disguise the concomitant inconveniences.

The Maranon or Amazon, the mightiest river in the world, has its sources in roots of the Eastern face of the Andes. Its main stream is of course increased by very numerous tributaries; among which, the Rio Negro, rising near the head-waters of the Oronoco, and it is said communicating with that river, is by far the most considerable, and may in fact be considered a second branch. It was up the Rio Negro from its junction with the Amazon to the regions lying between its sources and those of the Oronoco, as well as a tributary of the Negro called Uaupes, that the real explorations of Mr. Wallace were made. He did not journey far up the Solimoes or Upper Amazon; and the main stream of the Amazon, or the country in the neighborhood of Para, though fresh, have not the novelty of the almost primeval streams and forests of the Rio Negro.

Wonders of natural history may be considered a main subject of the book under notice, especially in the vegetable world. Once beyond the environs of Para, gigantic vegetation or extraordinary production is continually encountered. The milk tree was one of the first wonders Mr. Wallace saw, at the mills of a Canadian gentleman not far from Para.

What most interested us, however, were several large logs of the masseranduba, or milk-tree. On our way through the forest we had seen some trunks much notched by persons who had been extracting the milk. It is one of the noblest

trees of the forest, rising with a straight stem to an enormous height. The timber is very hard, fine-grained, and durable, and is valuable for works which are much exposed to the weather. The fruit is eatable and very good, the size of a small apple, and full of a rich and very juicy pulp. But strangest of all is the vegetable milk, which exudes in abundance when the bark is cut: it has about the consistence of thick cream, and but for a very slight peculiar taste could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine product of the cow. Mr. Leavens ordered a man to tap some logs that had lain nearly a month in the yard. He cut several notches in the bark with an axe, and in a minute the rich sap was running out in great quantities. It was collected in a basin, diluted with water, strained, and brought up at tea time, and at breakfast next morning. The peculiar flavor of the milk seemed rather to improve the quality of the tea, and gave it as good a color as rich cream; in coffee it is equally good. Mr. Leavens informed us that he had made a custard of it, and that, though it had a curious dark color, it was very well tasted. The milk is also used for glue, and is said to be as durable as that made use of by carpenters. As a specimen of its capabilities in this line, Mr. Leavens showed us a violin he had made, the belly-board of which, formed of two pieces he had glued together with it, applied fresh from the tree without any preparation. It had been done two years; the instrument had been in constant use, and the joint was now perfectly good and sound throughout its whole length. As the milk hardens by exposure to air it becomes a very tough, slightly elastic substance, much resembling gutta-percha; but not having the property of being softened by hot water, it is not likely to become so extensively useful as that article.

A large part of the country lying between the junction of the Solimoes or Upper Amazon and the Rio Negro is flat and marshy at all times. During the rainy season, it affords the singular aspect of an inland sea.

The river was now so high that a great portion of the lowlands between the Rio Negro and the Amazon was flooded, being what is called "Gapó." This is one of the most singular features of the Amazon. It extends from a little above Santarem up to the confines of Peru—a distance of about seventeen hundred miles, and varies in width on each side of the river from one to ten or twenty miles. From Santarem to Coari, a little town on the Solimoes, a person may go by canoe in the wet season without once entering into the main river. He will pass through small streams, lakes and swamps, and everywhere around him will stretch out an illimitable waste of waters, but all covered with a lofty virgin forest. For days he will travel through this forest, scraping against tree-trunks, and stooping to pass beneath the leaves of prickly palms, now level with the water, though raised on stems forty feet high. In this trackless maze the Indian finds his way with unerring certainty, and by slight indications of broken twigs or scraped

bark, goes on day by day as if travelling on a beaten road. In the Gapó peculiar animals are found, attracted by the fruits of trees which grow only there. In fact, the Indians assert that every tree that grows in the Gapó is distinct from all those found in other districts; and when we consider the extraordinary conditions under which these plants exist, being submerged for six months of the year till they are sufficiently lofty to rise above the highest water-level, it does not seem improbable that such may be the case. Many species of trogons are peculiar to the Gapó, others to the dry virgin forest. The umbrella chatterer is entirely confined to it, as is also the little bristle-tailed manakin. Some monkeys are found there only in the wet season; and whole tribes of Indians, such as the Parupú and Múrus, entirely inhabit it, building small, easily-removable huts on the sandy shores in the dry season, and on rafts in the wet; spending a great part of their lives in canoes, sleeping suspended in rude hammocks from trees over the deep water; cultivating no vegetables, but subsisting entirely on the fish, turtle, and cow-fish, which they obtain from the river.

On crossing the Rio Negro from the city of Barra, we entered into a tract of this description. Our canoe was forced under branches and among dense bushes, till we got into a part where the trees were loftier and a deep gloom prevailed. Here the lowest branches of the trees were level with the surface of the water, and were many of them putting forth flowers. As we proceeded, we sometimes came to a grove of small palms, the leaves being now only a few feet above us; and among them was the marajá, bearing bunches of agreeable fruit, which as we passed the Indians cut off with their long knives. Sometimes the rustling of leaves overhead told us that monkeys were near, and we would soon perhaps discover them peeping down from among the thick foliage, and then bounding rapidly away as soon as we had caught a glimpse of them. Presently we came out into the sunshine, in a grassy lake filled with lilies and beautiful water plants, little yellow bladderworts (*Utricularia*), and the bright blue flowers and curious leaves with swollen stalks of the *Pontederias*. Again in the gloom of the forest, among the lofty cylindrical trunks rising like columns out of the deep water: now a splashing of falling fruit around us would announce that birds were feeding overhead, and we could discover a flock of paroquets, or some bright-blue chatterers, or the lovely pompador, with its delicate white wings and claret-colored plumage; now with a whirr a trogon would seize a fruit on the wing, or some clumsy toucan make the branches shake as he alighted."

Numerous other passages might be quoted, descriptive of vegetable or animal life, or operations of nature on a gigantic scale, in those vast and scarcely inhabited regions. After all, the greatest interest attaches to man; and he may be seen there in every aspect, from pure nature to a degenerated civilization. It may also be seen how truly

well-directed labor is the source of wealth; for with a teeming soil, and plenty of it, the Portuguese live as we have seen at Barra; and this is the mode of life at one of the Indian hamlets in its vicinity.

An Indian living near now arrived, and we accompanied him to his house where I was to find a lodging. It was about half a mile further up the river, at the mouth of a small stream, where there was a little settlement of two or three families. The part which it was proposed I should occupy was a small room with a very steep hill for a floor, and three doorways, two with palm-leaf mats, and the other doing duty as a window. No choice being offered me, I at once accepted the use of this apartment, and my men having now brought on my canoe, I ordered my boxes on shore, hung up my hammock, and at once took possession. The Indians then left me; but a boy lent me by Senhor Henrique remained with me to light a fire and boil my coffee, and prepare dinner when we were so fortunate as to get any. I borrowed a table to work at; but, owing to the great inclination of the ground, nothing that had not a very broad base would stay upon it. The houses here were imbedded in the forest, so that although there were four not twenty yards apart, they were not visible from each other, the space where the forest had been cut down being planted in the fruit-trees.

* * * * *

"There were two other rooms in the house where I lived, inhabited by three families. The men generally wore nothing but a pair of trousers, the women only a petticoat, and the children nothing at all. They all lived in the poorest manner, and at first I was quite puzzled to find out when they had their meals. In the morning early they would each have a *cuya* of *mingau* (a gruel); then about mid-day they would eat some dry farina cake or a roasted yam; and in the evening some more *mingau* or farina or *pacovas*. I could not imagine that they really had nothing else to eat, but at last was obliged to come to the conclusion that various preparations of *mandioca* and water formed their only food. About once a week they would get a few small fish or a bird; but then it would be divided among so many as only to serve as a relish to the cassava bread. My hunter never took anything out with him but a bag of dry farina; and after being away fourteen hours in his canoe would come home and sit down in his hammock, and converse as if his thoughts were far from eating; and then when a *cuya* of *mingau* was offered him, would quite contentedly drink it, and be ready to start off before daybreak the next morning. Yet he was as stout and jolly-looking as John Bull himself, fed daily on fat beef and mutton.

Portuguese colonists, widely scattered over an illimitable territory, removed from the control of a public opinion, mixing with Indians, and latterly excited by revolutions, were not likely to be distinguished by a severe morality. Senhor Joao Antonio de Lima, a

"merchant" who gave a pretty long lift to Mr. Wallace on the Rio Negro, was a pleasant, friendly person, and apparently "respectable" after the manner of his country, though by no means correct in his domestic relations.

Going up to the house, I was introduced to Senhor L.'s family; which consisted of two old grown-up daughters, two young ones, and a little boy of eight years old. A good-looking "mameluca," or half-breed woman, of about thirty was introduced as the "mother of his younger children." Senhor L. had informed me during the voyage that he did not patronize marriage, and thought everybody a great fool who did. He had illustrated the advantages of keeping oneself free of such ties by informing me that the mother of his two elder daughters having grown old, and being unable to bring them up properly or teach them Portuguese, he had turned her out of doors, and got a younger and more civilized person in her place. The poor woman had since died of jealousy, or "passion," as he termed it. When young, she had nursed him during an eighteen months' illness and saved his life; but he seemed to think he had performed a duty in turning her away, — for, said he, "She was an Indian, and could only speak her own language; and so long as she was with them my children would never learn Portuguese."

"The whole family welcomed him in a very cold and timid manner, coming up and asking his blessing as if they had parted from him the evening before, instead of three months since. We then had some coffee and breakfast; after which the canoe was unloaded, and a little house just opposite his, which happened to be unoccupied, was swept out for me. My boxes were placed in it, my hammock hung up, and I soon made myself comfortable in my new quarters, and then walked out to look about me.

The state of the flock cannot much be wondered at when we see the character of the shepherd.

"At length, however, the Padre, Frei Jozé arrived with Senhor Tenent Filisberto, the Commandante of Marabitanas. Frei Jozé dos Santos Innocentos was a tall, thin, prematurely old man, thoroughly worn out by every kind of debauchery, his hands crippled, and his body ulcerated; yet he still delighted in recounting the feats of his youth, and was celebrated as the most original and amusing story-teller in the province of Pará. He was carried up the hill, from the river-side in a hammock; and took a couple of days to rest before he commenced his ecclesiastical operations. I often went with Senhor L. to visit him, and was always much amused with his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes: he seemed to know everybody and everything in the province, and had always something humorous to tell about them. His stories were most of them disgustingly coarse; but so cleverly told, in such quaint and expressive language, and with such amusing imitations of voice and

manner, that they were irresistibly ludicrous. There is always, too, a particular charm in hearing good anecdotes in a foreign language. The point is the more interesting from the obscure method of arriving at it; and the knowledge you acquire of the various modes of using the peculiar idioms of the language causes a pleasure quite distinct from that of the story itself. Frei José never repeated a story twice in the week he was with us; and Senhor L. who, has known him for years, says he had never before heard many of the anecdotes he now related. He had been a soldier, then a friar in a convent, and afterwards a parish priest: he told tales of his convent life just like what we read in Chaucer of their doings in his time. Don Juan was an innocent compared with Frei José; but he told us he had a great respect for his cloth,

and never did anything disreputable — during the day!

So far connected with this volume, as being the result of the travels it recounts, is a little book by Mr. Wallace, published by Mr. Van Voorst. Its subject is the *Palm-Trees of the Amazon*;* forty-eight of which are exhibited in clear and lively sketches, accompanied by descriptive letterpress. It is essentially a botanical book, but contains some incidental pictures of the scenes among which the palms are found, as well as of the palms, and the people to whom they are all in all.

* *Palm-Trees of the Amazon and their Uses.* By Alfred Russel Wallace. With forty-eight Plates. Published by Van Voorst.

From Chambers's Journal.

"I TELL YOU I SAW IT MYSELF."

WHEN any one uses this expression regarding some wonderful thing, adding or not adding "with my own eyes," he is understood to mean that the thing, however incredible it may have previously appeared, is certain: he can admit no further dispute about it. It is strange how so many sensible persons should be prepared thus to assume that the sense of sight is incapable of being deceived, when we all know how the sight of two or three hundred persons will be deceived over and over again, in a single evening, by a common conjuror. There appears to be an almost universal ignorance of a principle which affects all so-called evidence of the senses — namely, that while we think we are in good faith reporting what we have witnessed or come to the knowledge of by these means, we are only perhaps stating a prepossession of our minds, or false hypothesis, regarding the things so witnessed or observed. Suppose, for instance, that a clown comes home from an exhibition of the Wizard of the North, relating that he saw a man make pancakes in the crown of a hat, all his intelligent auditors would feel assured that he had only seen certain operations performed which seemed to result in that phenomenon, and was laboring under a false hypothesis as to these operations, the pancake having been in reality cooked in another room in the usual way. His seeing the pancake brought out of the hat after some eggs and meal had been put in, was, in short, no proof that he had seen the pancake cooked there: that was only a false hypothesis regarding the actual facts witnessed. He has, in the language of Mr. John Stuart Mill, "mistaken for perception what was only inference."

Some of the mystic wonders which have of late years been attracting so much attention, afford in their history from first to last, lively illustrations of the moderate value to be placed on what is thought to be the direct evidence of the senses. A man of tolerable judgment, but ignorant of the philosophy of evidence — perhaps one who has distinguished himself by professions of "disbelief in everything" beforehand — goes

to see some experiments, and is at once convinced that tables do move without human agency. "It is true, because he has seen it." Now what he has seen is only this — that a group of his friends sat round a table, with their hands placed upon it, all declaring that they neither pressed nor pushed. He has not ascertained that they did not press or push. He only infers from their declarations that they did not do so, the fact being, as we all know now from Professor Faraday's ingenious test that they did use muscular force, albeit it might be unconsciously. So our sensible and previously sceptical observer has only been forming or sanctioning an *hypothesis*, when he thought he was reporting a clear and indubitable fact.

Where there is any inclination to believe in marvellous or extraordinary things, it is surprising how easily one comes to allow himself to be deluded into the conviction that he has witnessed an alleged fact.

It is quite a recognized principle among legal men who have occasion to sift evidence professionally, that most witnesses relate, not what they saw or heard, but only the impression they derived from what they saw or heard, the greater part of what they say being inference, while they fully believe it to be matter of fact. "The simplest narrative," says Dugald Stewart, "of the most illiterate observer, involves more or less of hypothesis; nay, in general, it will be found that in proportion to his ignorance, the greater is the number of conjectural principles involved in his statements. A village apothecary (and, if possible, in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse) is seldom able to describe the plainest case, without employing a phraseology of which every word is a theory; whereas a simple and genuine specification of the phenomena which mark a particular disease — a specification unsophisticated by fancy or by preconceived opinions — may be regarded as unequivocal evidence of a mind trained by long and successful study to the most difficult of all arts, that of the faithful interpretation of nature."*

* "Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind," quoted in "Mill's System of Logic."

THE SEARCH FOR FRANKLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR:—IN one of your leading articles of last Saturday, (19th inst.), relating to the search for Sir John Franklin, and a projected new expedition by Spitzbergen, the writer "calls most earnestly upon the public to interfere in time between the projectors and the madness of their enterprise." As I think the projection of this expedition must be traced back to myself, I consider it due to me and the public to ask, as a matter of justice, the favor of your inserting the following lines.

In the first place, the writer argues that Sir John Franklin cannot have got beyond Wellington Channel, but must have perished on this side of it. Now, the whole of this latter region has been searched so minutely that the remains of the perished expedition could not have escaped the attention of the searching parties. Surely, two vessels and upwards of 130 men must leave some trace or other behind. The writer may argue that storm and snow-drift, with the wild animals and other destructive elements, would soon erase every one of such traces in the Arctic regions; but this view is not at all justified by experience. Lieutenant McClintock, when in 1851 he found in Melville Island the remains of Sir Edward Parry's encampment in 1820, which were consequently 31 years old, thus describes them:—

"We found here everything mentioned by Sir Edward Parry as having been left by his party when his broken cart was abandoned. The very slow progress of decay in this climate was strikingly evident on inspecting the site of Sir Edward Parry's encampment, in June, 1820. The wood appeared almost unchanged; the bones of ptarmigan (off which his party supped) were merely bleached; and the pieces of cloth, canvas, rope, and twine strewed about still retained much of their original strength and coloring."

When such delicate little objects as ptarmigan bones are so easily found again after more than 30 years, can it then be said with reason that two large vessels, with upwards of 130 picked men, would utterly vanish like so many pieces of camphor?

From the above circumstance, the relations and friends of the lost expedition will be in a position to judge whether or not the latter have perished on this side of Wellington Channel.

So long as two years ago it was the decided opinion of the venerable hydrographer of the Admiralty—Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort—that, should Sir John Franklin have gone up Wellington Channel, he would have

reached far beyond the limits of the present search, and would have got into some labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Behring's Strait, or further west, on the flats of the coast of Siberia.

Based on this reasonable view it was that about the same time (two years ago) I ventured to throw out the suggestion whether it might not be well, instead of despatching all the expeditions through the almost impassable narrow channels and well-nigh continually choked-up seas west of Baffin's Bay, to send one through the Great Polar Sea, on the Asiatic side, which, from its extent, can never be in the same way choked up with ice, and, according to actual experience of the most trustworthy character, always presents lanes of open water. When vessels by the score were sent to Baffin's Bay, I was inclined to think that one or two out of the many might be spared for the latter object, particularly considering the very slight expense of Sir E. Parry's Spitzbergen expedition (9,977*l.*) as compared with the many 100,000*l.* which have been spent on the other side, as well as that it would offer to those who only look to the £. s. d. the prospects of pecuniary gain from new whale-fishing grounds discoverable in that region.

The experience and news of the last two years leave the case exactly as it then stood, for even Sir Edward Belcher has not got a distance worth speaking of beyond Sir John Franklin's first winter's quarters; and therefore, when assuming the two missing vessels to have vanished on this side of Wellington Channel, without leaving any traces behind, the sober fact will always stare us in the face that the whole region between Queen's Channel (the upper part of Wellington Channel) and Behring's Strait, or Siberia, remains to this day untraversed and unsearched, while it has also been fully demonstrated that the narrow waters to which the search has hitherto been confined are totally impracticable for effective navigation.

I will not here repeat or discuss any point connected with my plan, referring the reader simply to my various communications addressed to his Admiralty, the Geographical Society, the *Athenæum*, etc.; but I would beg to put one question to those of my opponents who are ever so ready to throw ridicule upon that noble and practically useful science,—inductive geography, by the light of which many features of our planet are discovered which would otherwise remain hidden for years. Thus the existence of the Australian gold was prognosticated thousands of miles from the spots where it was actually trodden on without being seen; thus the approximate position of the magnetic South Pole was laid down in the quiet study of a man who, I be-

lieve, had never been out of his own country; and Columbus, but for studying geography, would not have discovered a new world. If those who ridicule the notion of a Polar sea being more open and more navigable than the narrow waters on the American side were inhabitants of Labrador or Kamschatka,—which dreary countries lie in exactly the same latitude as the British Islands,—what would their opinion be of the physical features of the latter? Why, if they employed the same reasoning which they employ for the Arctic regions, they would boldly affirm that Great Britain was, in the same degree as those countries, covered with ice and snow, and inhabited by ice-bears. They would disbelieve that there existed such a town as Hammerfest in a latitude the same as Boothia Felix, where Sir John Ross was imprisoned for three years, surrounded by all the horrors of an Arctic winter, without any such towns near him. They would scorn the idea of rain at Christmas at Bear Island, while the mercury was frozen for five months in Melville Island, in exactly the same latitude. But all these are actual well-known facts, and, with these facts before us, can any reason be assigned as to the impossibility of similar differences existing beyond Bear Island towards Siberia?

But it is simply an error to say that "Captain Buchan (and also Sir Edward Parry) was despatched to Spitzbergen to make the very attempt which is now contemplated," for the route of my plan, Sir, lies on the east side of Spitzbergen, and not on the west side of it, where all the former navigators have been, and which I consider the wrong side, as much so as if a vessel going from New York to Archangel, instead of choosing the wide sea east of Iceland (between it and Norway), were to steer on the west side of that island (between it and Greenland), where to be sure, she would be obstructed by immense masses of ice, I can safely affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the sea east of Spitzbergen has never been fairly tried, and that for nearly 200 years no English vessel whatever has been steered in that direction. Even Captain Beechey, R. N., who is among the foremost of my opponents, in his *Narrative of Captain Buchan's Voyage*, readily admits the practicability of navigating the seas

beyond Spitzbergen with the aid of steam. And as to the objections raised on the score of darkness and cold, and that Sir George Back is asserted to have "told the scientific gentlemen that it would be impossible to work the ropes," and further, on the asserted opinion of Captain McClure, that "death is the inevitable lot of the company of any ship which may be involved in the Polar pack," the writer must be ignorant of the fact that these mere surmises are directly contradicted and disproved by the actual experience of the American expedition under Lieutenant De Haven. His two slender vessels, of only 144 and 91 tons—no screws, be it remembered—were involved in the Polar pack for no less than nine months, during the worst part of the year (from the middle of September, 1850, to the middle of June, 1851), and they were drifted, imbedded in the pack, out of Wellington Channel, through Baffin's Bay, down to the Atlantic Ocean—a distance of upwards of 1,000 miles. Yet, to that gallant commander, at least, and his crews, the rope question and darkness offered no such difficulty at all. And, although thus imbedded in the Polar pack for no less than nine months, the American expedition, so far from finding "inevitable death," did not lose one single man; and so little injured were the two vessels that no sooner were they liberated from the pack than they boldly steered northwards, whence they had come. There may be persons who only believe what they have done themselves, or seen with their own eyes, and to them De Haven's expedition, or those of the Russians and others, may have little or no value; but to the "Scientific Geographers" the latter certainly form the only authority for the geography of one-half of the Arctic regions.

I am conscious that I suggested my plan with an honest purpose, and, as such, deserved an honest judgment; and, whether it will ever be adopted or not, I trust I may be permitted this opportunity to protest against an *ex parte*, unfair, and erroneous interpretation of that plan.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your very ob't humble servant,
AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

9, Charing-Cross, Nov. 21.

WHAT DO THE BELLS SAY?

The people want gardens,	Says the bells of St. Martin's.
Townsfolk look palely,	Says the bells of Old Bailey.
Not if they're rich,	Says the bells of Shoreditch.
Then they come out to me,	Says the bells of Chel-sea.
Or with me take a bed,	Says the bells of Hampstead.
But in close London dwellings,	Says the bells of St. Helen's,
How do they draw breath?	Says the bells of St. Faith.
Bless'd if I know,	Says the Great Bell of Bow.

From the Morning Chronicle, 23 Nov.

WIFE MURDERING IN LONDON.

SINCE the commencement of the present month, the metropolitan police-courts have sat nineteen days; and during that period, our reports of the proceedings of these tribunals record no fewer than sixteen cases of the same crime. This is a startling social phenomenon. It is well worth while for the moral statistician to inquire into this enormous and abnormal growth of a single crime. History tells us of certain mental epidemics—generally of folly or fanaticism; and, in the records of popular delusions, we sometimes come across strange revelations of a new sin being pursued with the avidity of a fashion or a frolic. But generally there is something, if not to excuse, yet to account for, the rise and progress of a wide-spread moral malady; and we can usually connect a popular prejudice or mania with some ordinary and intelligible principle of human action—some fatally attractive individual example, or some morbid political or religious bias. All our attempts, however, to suggest a cause fail us when we come to examine the fact of the hideous prevalence, among the lower classes of the metropolis, of the crime of wife beating—though “beating” is scarcely the word for a complex system of atrocities, in which we find the husband, almost as a matter of course, mauling, kicking, bruising, and stamping upon his wife. We have gone over these nineteen court days of November, and extracted from our columns the particulars of sixteen savage and murderous assaults committed by men upon women, and generally by husbands on their wives. The details are, in most instances, too revolting for recapitulation; and we therefore group together, as rapidly as we can, the results.

On Nov. 1, we recorded the case of GRINNEY, charged at Lambeth with cutting his wife's throat. The woman was so dangerously injured that it was not till yesterday that she could be brought from the hospital to give evidence. The fellow is, it will be seen, committed for trial—the matter being far too serious for summary jurisdiction. On the same day, at the Thames office, we gave the cases of MCCARTHY and BURKE, two Irish savages, who, mad with gin, simply ran a muck on the whole neighborhood, and knocked down and kicked every woman that came in their way. Nov. 2, at the same Court, one LINDSAY was charged with a ferocious assault on a poor prostitute, who, not accepting his advances, was fearfully beaten on the face and eyes. Nov. 4, we had one HOOKER, convicted at Hammersmith of kneeling on, and strangling his wife. Nov. 5, we read of a savage of the name of MAY-

POWDER, a perfect ENCELADUS, the terror and curse of the whole neighborhood, who beats and mauls every woman he can get near, and who was convicted at the Thames office of knocking down and trampling upon one inoffensive married woman, and kicking and bruising another—who, in the agony of fear, was afraid to look the fiend in the face, and almost declined to give evidence, remembering the sufferings which he had inflicted on her. On the same day, BROOKE was convicted at Hammersmith of smashing his wife. Nov. 8 presents us with the disgusting case of M'NAMARA, whose wife, ten days afterwards was scarcely able to quit the hospital to give evidence. This man had beat and cut his victim till she was found apparently lifeless, and weltering in a pool of blood. Nov. 11, we meet at Worship-street with a wretch named WALKER, who, on some trifling dispute, assaults a female, stamps upon, and kicks her, tears all her clothes off her, leaving her an offence to public decency—and all this in the presence of a large mob, who, by their passive acquiescence, assented to this practical vindication of the rights of man. Nov. 12, at Southwark, MASON is convicted of a savage battery of his wife. Nov. 13, at Hammersmith, KENNEDY comes home drunk, and kicks his wife. Nov. 19, at Worship-street, one DELANE is convicted of a furious assault on his wife. He had been in the constant habit of beating her—it was his custom; but on this occasion, because she had just been confined, he introduced two prostitutes into his house, and half-murdered the poor creature for their amusement. Finally, in our yesterday's impression, we reported no fewer than four cases of sickening brutality and murderous assaults—all committed by husbands on their wives; and this morning we record another instance of savage ferocity on the part of an “athletic laboring man” towards an “elderly married woman.” This completes the list of sixteen reported cases, in nineteen days, within the limits of the Metropolitan Police jurisdiction.

There is little need of rhetorical amplification to deepen the horrors of this hideous catalogue. The facts are more than enough. The sickening tale of blood and bruises, unmanly violence, and poor, defenceless, uncomplaining suffering—of eyes smashed out, limbs dislocated, throats cut—of kicks and stripes, and murderous atrocities—is so monotonous that the details of one case may almost serve for all. All that is needed is to give to each its surrounding specialities. Here, for example, the tacit approval of neighbors lends a peculiarly revolting aspect to the matter. There, we have the fearfully suggestive fact that the particular assault is only one in a series of similar brutalities, persisted

in throughout long years of dreary marriage. In a third case, we see that it makes no difference whether the victim is a bride of a few months, or the mother of five or six children. Or, again, we learn that some of these human monsters are actuated by a devilish and inexplicable mania for assaulting all women, simply as women, young or old, chaste or wanton, stranger or wife. After all, we can but recur to the single reflection with which we set out. Here is an appalling crime, of daily and hourly occurrence. It pervades all classes of inferior life. Irishmen appear to have a bad preëminence in it, and the regions of the Thames seem its favorite *habitat*; but it is a social characteristic of London life. We have tried to reform it—the law has recently laid a heavy penalty on these assaults. In most of these cases, the magistrates have inflicted the full punishment of six months' imprisonment with hard labor; and on Monday morning one miscreant—not the worst offender, nor one who had sinned with the least provocation—forfeited his life for murdering his wife. Law has put on its sternest aspect, and has dealt out, with no sparing hand, its severest awards; and yet wife murdering and beating is clearly growing upon us. Never was there a social problem which more imperiously demanded the instant and most vigorous interference of the Legislature. Society must be on the very eve of disruption when its fundamental ties and most elementary duties are thus systematically and daringly set at naught. Unless we can check this wholesale system of woman mutilating, society itself must relapse into its primitive barbarism. If Government cannot vindicate its primary function in the very first and largest of the social relations, law may as well disclaim its pretensions to maintain social security.

All that we can do is to persist in calling public attention to this intolerable national disgrace. If it be said that a severe law has failed, all that we can urge is to increase its severity. The monsters we have to control are not men—they can only be treated as brutes, with brutal instincts, and therefore amenable only to brutal correction. Anything but the coarsest and roughest material treatment is useless in these cases. Flogging is, as was suggested in Parliament, at least worth the trial—and that not a conventional whipping, but a sound and bloody scourging of an intelligible character. We cannot afford to dally with the present state of things—unless we can put down wife murdering, the London savages will put us down. And what we especially want is, not a mere flogging at Newgate, but the old-fashioned cart-tail discipline, where the criminal is knouted on the very spot of his crimes. The low neighborhoods of London want a spectacle of this sort. They hear of their neighbor being "policed" for beating his wife—we must now try the effects of bringing the savage's punishment to their doors. The rumor of six months' imprisonment is no reliable example; but what if we exhibit the lash dripping with blood, and the wholesome sight of a villain's back scored and flayed, in the courts and alleys which have resounded with his victim's moans and agonies? The lower classes of London—who, we regret to say, never interfere when a woman is murdered—want a lesson. We can think of nothing so efficacious, in this crisis of public morals—for such it is—as a "husband" flogged to fainting, and literally within an inch of his life, on the very spot which he has desecrated by kicking, stamping on, gouging, and tearing the naked form of her whom he has sworn to love and to cherish.

From Punch.

FASHION AND INFLUENZA.

"That fairy form muffled in shawls, Fanny! why?

What sorrow hath swoln and beclouded thine eye?

What can have occasioned the tint of the rose To abandon that cheek for the end of that nose?

"Strange ornament, strip of mere flannel, to deck

That Swanlike, that snowy, that statuesque neck!

Why sit o'er the fender in such an odd trim, With handkerchief stanching those red orbs that swim?"

"For shabe, Helry! dolt you bake ful so of be; You bulkey, preteldil that you diddlet see

The state I ab ill; do you wait to be told?
You bust low I've got a bost troublesub cold."

"But how did you catch it, love?—where did you go?"

"I cal't think, I cal't tell at all, I do't low."

"You do n't think damp feet may have brought it about?"

"Lo, I've worl lldia rubber shoes whel I've beel out."

"I think I can tell what has caused a catarrh Those charms to disfigure, those accents to mar; The bonnet, my Fanny, was meant for the head,

But Fanny wears hers 'twixt the shoulders instead."

"Oh Helry!—ald yet it bust surely be oled Lot clothid the head is the way to catch cold, Ald followilg fashuil is what, I suppose, Bakes he look such al object ald talk through the doze."

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE CHRISTMAS BRIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"THEY will be here soon, I should think," said the youngest of three sisters, who were gathered close round the fire, in the well furnished drawing room of one of the principal houses in the suburbs of Brankleigh, a large manufacturing town in the north of England.

"How odd it will feel," said the second sister, to call her 'mamma;' a girl no older than one's self! But I shall never think of doing it: will you, Carry?"

"Just like you, Jane, to have such an idea at all. Of course, we shall at first call her 'Mrs. Sellers;' and, if she should turn out tolerably agreeable on further acquaintance, we may even get so far as her Christian name."

"Which is, I believe, Martha. What a plain, common name! I would rather be called anything. But, Carry, what a strange creature she must be, if you really come to think of it, to marry a man like my father! I should as soon have dreamed of marrying old West, the apothecary. If she had been a woman of forty, I should not have wondered, or even a very poor person; but for a girl of three-and-twenty, and an heiress —"

The young lady's wonderment was interrupted by the sound of carriage-wheels and a bustle at the outer gate; and the three sisters ran to the windows, to have the first glimpse of the bride.

The morning had been intensely cold, and now large flakes of snow were gently falling. The windows in which the young ladies stationed themselves, commanded a view of what was called by courtesy the lawn. At the end of this, and nearly opposite the hall-door, were the large, green, pallisaded gates, opening on to a carriage-drive that ran round the lawn, and was somewhat disproportioned to the size of the grounds. The carriage came slowly on, cranching beneath its wheels the dead leaves that had fallen during the morning. The sisters caught sight of a straw bonnet, trimmed with rose-colored ribbons; and in another moment the carriage stopped, and a good-looking man of about fifty descended from it. He took out a few packages, and then offered his hand to the lady within. The sisters had, by this time, reached the hall-steps, just in time to be introduced to the wearer of the straw bonnet.

"What do you think of her," said Jane to Carry, when, having left Isabella with the bride, they retired to their own apartment, to dress for dinner.

"I can scarcely tell. She appears to be very plainly dressed, and is just one of those who are neither one thing nor another in appearance: neither plain nor handsome, tall nor short, dark nor light. I hope she is not a quiz. I am inclined to think so, from her being dressed so very plainly for a bride; and a woman with a handsome fortune too.

"Well, we shall see. Here comes Bella."

Numerous were the questions asked of Isabella, and very unsatisfactory were her replies. In fact, it became evident that their father's young wife was not to be understood upon one interview.

"I like her, too," said Isabella. "I think she

is very kind; and I fancy she can look pretty. But she is rather tired with her long journey; and in the plain dark-green alpaca in which she travelled —"

"Oh! that was alpaca, was it? I did not notice. Only fancy, alpaca for a bride!"

The dinner-bell rang.

"Oh, dear! Carry, just clasp my bracelet. I had no idea it was so late; and here we have been chattering. Papa will be so angry."

But papa was not angry at all. He was seated by the drawing-room fire, talking to his young wife; who had placed herself on a low ottoman by his side, and was looking up into his face with such an expression of loving confidence, that the sisters were quite struck by it.

"How odd!" they whispered to each other, as they proceeded to the dining-room; "she really loves him, then."

So possessed were they by this novel idea, that they forgot to mark her dress, which would at another time have claimed all their attention. She was attired in a rich black satin, made as plainly as possible. There was not a single ornament of any kind, save a little trimming of good lace; yet it well became the youthful bride, whose appearance was striking, from its very simplicity.

The second Mrs. Sellers was evidently a character, and that of no ordinary kind. Calm and self-possessed in manner, her high, wide forehead presented a splendid study for a phrenologist. She had clear, dark eyes, that looked the very mirror of innocence and trusting affection; but there was a depth in them, a depth inscrutable to ordinary observers, which concealed a truly masculine energy of thought and feeling. Her peculiarities, however, as evinced by her conversation and daily course of proceeding, will be best developed in the progress of our tale.

"How cold it is!" said Mr. Sellers as, the dinner having been removed, and the wine and dessert placed on the table, the party of five drew their chairs round the fire. "How cold it is!" he repeated, rubbing his hands over the cheerful blaze.

"Shall I prepare you some walnuts?" asked his youthful wife, placing herself next him, and smiling in his face with that devoted look of hers.

"My dear, you are very kind."

"Papa," said Isabella, "when will it be Christmas day?"

"Can't you calculate, my love? To-day is the 13th. It will be on the — let me see —"

"On Thursday-week, papa," said Jane. "I like it best to occur on Thursday. It is several years since it fell on that day."

The subject seemed to annoy Mr. Sellers. As Jane proceeded in her speech, his brow darkened, and he turned away, and hastily drank off a bumper of port. His wife looked up at him with a glance of anxious inquiry.

"Thursday!" continued the unconscious Jane, who was singularly devoid of tact and perception. "Where were we living when Christmas-day was on a Thursday? I must have been quite a child."

"Jane, can't you hold your chattering tongue?" whispered her elder sister, angrily.

Mrs. Sellers sat with downcast eyes. She felt

that she was treading on unknown ground. Jane looked offended, and her sisters uncomfortable; while their father preserved an absolute silence. A few seemingly insignificant words had destroyed the harmony of the party. But the young bride was full of benevolence; so she resumed her preparation of the walnuts, and asked her husband to pour out half a glass of sherry.

"Did you ever hear," she asked, in her peculiarly winning voice, "of the practice of soaking walnuts in sherry? See, I have filled the glass. Taste how good they are."

Her husband smiled kindly upon her, and took the glass. The girls lifted their drooping heads, and the conversation resumed its usual tone; but no farther mention was made of the unfortunate Christmas Thursday.

"I wonder," said Caroline, as she took off a magnificent amethyst and emerald brooch, in her dressing-room that evening—"I wonder why the new Mrs. Sellers wears no ornaments. Did you ever see a bride dressed so plainly? She must have some ornaments. We will make her show us her jewel-box."

"She is a kind creature," said Isabella. "How fond my father appears to be of her! His face is quite altered when he looks at her. Do you know, I really think I shall give over calling her so formally, 'Mrs. Sellers!'"

"But then, 'Martha!'" said Carry. "And as to saying 'mamma,' it is quite ridiculous; such a simple-looking body, with no womanly airs about her."

"She will wonder," said Jane, "what we meant about Thursday and Christmas-day. You pinched my arm so, Carry, that I am sure it is black and blue. Yes: see the marks of your thumb and finger. How should I remember that poor dear sister—"

"Hush! Jane; I can't bear to hear about it. My father has a different man ever since. You and Isabella were too young to know all the sorrows of that dreadful time. I believe it killed mamma."

In how many families is there some sorrowful mystery, some fault committed by a once beloved and esteemed member of the household, and over which is cast the veil of silence, moistened with the secret tears of vain regret.

On the day of the bride's arrival at her future home, and while she was sitting with her husband and his children in their comfortable dining-room, another and very different scene was passing in another quarter of the same town.

CHAPTER II.

Our readers must proceed with us along one of the oldest and filthiest streets of Brankleigh; where the rumble of carts passing along from the coal-staiths and corn and iron warehouses, added to the uncouth cries of the dirty children playing about in the mud, and the oaths and loud talking of the brutalized men who pursued their several callings in the midst of the smoke and impure smells of the place, formed by no means a fitting atmosphere for one who had to gain her hard-earned bread by the labors of her pen. Yet

there she sat, in the close, confined room of a small lodging, leaning her head upon her hand, and endeavoring to elaborate from her confused brain a short tale for one of the periodicals.

"Mary, dearest," called a faint voice from the adjoining bedroom.

The authoress obeyed the call, with a sigh, which she smothered as she drew near the bed of the invalid.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, in her most cheerful tone, as she gently drew back the curtain, and leaned over the bed.

"I think, Mary, I shall be able to get up. I feel a little stronger this afternoon, sweet wife."

"Thank God for it, darling. But take care you are not exerting yourself too soon."

The sufferer raised himself in the bed. "Feel," he said, "how much better my pulse is."

She took his emaciated wrist between her fingers, and counted its feeble throbbings.

"Yes, it is improved. Fuller, and not so intermitting. How pleased Mr. Fairleigh will be to find you so much better!"

"By the by, Mary, where is the paper he brought me yesterday?"

"Here, love, in the closet. I put it out of your way until it was proper for you to read it."

"Have you looked at it? Any particular news?"

"No, I have been too busy. Dearden, the editor of the 'Lady's Scrap-Book,' you know, wrote to me to send him an article on a particular subject; so I set to at once, and have been busy at it until now."

"Well, that is good news, at any rate. Now, darling, help me to dress."

The invalid was speedily attired in his old blue dressing-gown, and laid on the little hard sofa in the sitting-room.

"The room feels close," he said. "Have you had the window open to-day?"

"No, dear. The carts make such a noise; and, besides, though I don't know where it comes from, there is a most disagreeable smell. I just put my head out early this morning, and it made me quite sick. So I closed the window again; and here I have been writing—writing—all the day, even while you enjoyed that sweet slumber which has so revived you. No wonder you feel the room close. I will set the door open, if you don't mind that crying child in the opposite chamber."

"No, never mind. Let us have tea; and sit by me on the sofa, my dearest. While you make tea, I will have a look at the paper."

So Mary gave her husband the paper, and set handily about her business of preparing tea. She put two little spoonfulls of congou in the pot, with a pinch of carbonate of soda, to make it draw. Then, going to the old mahogany sideboard, she took from one of the deep drawers at the side a small pot of marmalade, a little loaf, and some sugar and butter. These, with a pennyworth of cream, which was brought by the milkman to the door, and served them for both tea and breakfast, constituted their meal.

Just as the delicate-looking little woman seat-

ed herself upon the sofa, as her husband had requested, and proceeded to pour out the tea, she was startled by a violent exclamation; and, looking anxiously at him, perceived his emaciated face all in a glow.

"What is the matter, dear Henry?" she said. "What affects you so much?"

"Something that concerns you, Mary, much more nearly than myself. Who would have believed it? What strange things do happen, to be sure! I wonder what your sisters will say to it."

"Give me the paper, dear, and let me see this wonderful news for myself. You are far too excitable, Henry. Where is the place? Do show me."

"There, little woman. Who is excitable now?"

Mary looked fondly in her husband's face, and took his long, thin fingers within her own, while she read:—"On the 12th instant, at St. James's Church, Cotterell, by the Rev. Walter Thomas —" Why, Henry, this is never my father who has been getting married again! It must be a hoax. My poor dear mother! Surely he would never wish to replace her."

"The 12th instant," musingly remarked the husband. "The 12th;—what is to-day, love?"

"Wednesday was the 10th. It is the 13th. There must be some mistake. Why! the paper is nearly a month old, and we have been reading it for a new one. How out of the world we are!"

"Out of every world but your literary one, my dear. I can't imagine how Fairleigh could make such a mistake as to bring me such an old paper."

"This cannot be a hoax, either," said Mary, resuming the topic of the marriage. And yet my father is the last man in the world whom I should have expected to take such a step. I wonder whether she is young or old. A little more marmalade, dearest?"

"While we are wondering," said Henry, smiling, "we might as well just think where our Christmas-dinner is to come from."

"Ah! I have not thought of that yet," said Mary; "Christmas-day is — when?"

"On Thursday week. We have hitherto managed to keep Christmas in some fashion; and, though matters are worse with us now than ever before —"

"We will have a Christmas pudding, won't we, love, though we pinch a little for it? Well, we will see; there are twelve days yet. How I should like a peep at the second Mrs. Sellers! Bah! the word does not seem natural. I never will call her "mother," whatever age she may be."

"Now, I consider that unkind of my little wife. Suppose she should turn out a very angel, a Christmas angel?"

"Nonsense, Henry. Do you suppose that any one could equal my own dear mother?"

Mary wiped a tear from her eye, and rose to clear away the tea-things, and revive the scanty fire, which had sunk down to a few red ashes. She then went to the window, and stood for a few minutes observing the shivering passengers

below, who hurried along in the lamp-light; hats, bonnets, and shoulders whitened with the snow that fell in huge flakes, but melted immediately on the trampled mud of the pavement, moist with the rain of the previous day.

"Here comes Mr. Fairleigh at last," she exclaimed. "How thankful you ought to be, Henry, for such a friend! He never fails you, hail, rain, or snow. Poor man! it is a pity he has not plenty of money. He would know how to turn it to good account."

"Ah! wife, thou art mercenary, I fear."

"No; I only meant —"

The door opened, and in came a tall, well-built, gentlemanly-looking man, with a gray head of curly black hair, sprinkled with gray, which he had the habit of holding down, as if immersed in the abstraction of deep reflection. When he raised his remarkable head, and looked straight at you with his thoughtful black eyes, shining from under prominent and shaggy brows, it needed a most perfect candor and rectitude of intention to meet that scrutiny unblenched; for you felt that there stood a man whose perception penetrated all disguises and pettinesses of feeling, and who possessed, besides, a stern sense of justice that was ready to expose and annihilate everything that was not genuine. With the false and hypocritical he was a very Joab; but innocence and confident integrity experienced an indescribable sense of protection in his benevolent presence, and were drawn towards him as by an irresistible attraction. Children and dogs always ran to claim acquaintance with Andrew Fairleigh; and children and dogs generally know pretty well what they are about in matters of affection.

This man, such as we describe him, walked into the little parlor where Henry Drummond was still lying extended on the sofa, and advancing towards the fire, shook himself like a huge dog. Then laying aside his shaggy great coat, and a massive stick that he always carried, and which was so like him in general appearance, that his friends considered it a part of him, he first took Mary's hand with a kindly greeting, and then seating himself beside the invalid, entered into an examination of his condition.

"All well, so far," he said, in his deep musical voice. "Our little nurse performs her duty well. Not like many a wife, who will "my love" and "my dear" her good-man while he is able to attend to his business, and buy her satin gowns to gossip about in, and will set off, as soon as the poor fellow fails in health and pocket to complain among her acquaintance how extravagant he has been, and how irritable and troublesome he is."

Matrimony was a favorite topic with Mr. Fairleigh. Why he was so bitter about it, nobody knew; for he had never to any one's knowledge, experienced the annoyances of that state himself.

"You don't intend to set to work again, do you?" he asked, as Mary brought a quire of foolscap to the table, and, dipping her pen in the inkstand, began to write.

"Oh, yes! indeed I do," she answered. "Business will not wait."

"Then why do you sit in that position, with a side light? Have I not often told you that you will hurt those sparkling eyes of yours by such proceedings? By the by, I had nearly forgotten. Here is a parcel of the brown candles I told you of that give such a brilliant light." And he went to his overcoat, and pulled an immense packet out of the front pocket. "And here, too," said he, producing a small pot wrapped in blue paper, "is some more of that marmalade you told me you liked, Henry, my good boy. Take care you are always equally candid in stating your fancies."

"Thank you; but you are really too kind —"

"Too kind! What do you mean? Can any one be too kind? Is any one too kind? If Christ were to come upon the earth again, would he find one in a thousand anything like the good Samaritan? Answer me that."

The argument was incontrovertible. Henry Drummond was obliged to resign himself, as he had done a hundred times before, to the disinterested bounties of his friend.

"Come," said the latter, after he had sat about an hour, and they had thoroughly discussed the topic of Mr. Sellers's marriage, but in a low tone, not to disturb the pale, young authoress — "come, Mrs. Drummond, get your husband to bed, and I will take myself off. He has talked long enough for that excitable head of his."

So Andrew Fairleigh took his departure; and Mary, having seen her husband safe in bed, returned to her quire of foolscap, and sat late into the night, spinning out her brains into a rich and fanciful web, for the amusement, and possibly, instruction, of the fair readers of 'The Lady's Scrap Book.'

CHAPTER III.

It was Sunday morning; and according to time-honored custom, the bride ought to make her appearance at church in all her wedding finery. The young ladies at Beech-House had duly prepared themselves and their toilets for the important occasion.

"Now," said Jane to Carry, as they stood arranging their hair before the cheval-glasses in their dressing-room, while a comfortable fire burned in the grate, and took off the chill of the foggy morning — now we shall see our young mamma like a bride at last. Hark! there is the breakfast-bell. How do I look, Carry?"

"Very well, indeed. I do n't think we shall make by any means a despicable appearance. Don't you wish we had a maid?"

"Perhaps papa will let us have one now. Come, let us go to breakfast."

Down to breakfast they all went, in their beautiful amber satins. Mr. and Mrs. Sellers speedily followed; and the surprise of the three sisters may be imagined when the plain black satin again met their eyes.

"Then you are not going to appear at church this morning, papa," said Carry, as Mr. Sellers commenced cutting the cold boiled ham into 'Vauxhalls.'

"Why do you think so, my dear?" inquired

he, unconsciously, proceeding to put a delicate slice into each of their plates.

"Because — because —"

"Because I am not in fitting attire?" inquired the bride, smiling archly.

"Yes," answered Caroline, smiling also, and at the same time blushing a little.

"Your father and I are certainly going to church, but we do not see why we should make a fuss about it. We go just as we should on any other Sunday. The house of God is not a showroom."

"Then you do n't mean to sit for company?"

"No, my love," replied Mr. Sellers; "Martha and I have agreed to dispense with all such foolish and useless ceremonies. Those of our friends who know that we have returned, and wish to keep up our acquaintance, will call just as they would at any other time. We shall always be happy to see them."

Caroline and Jane were much disappointed by this decision. They had anticipated all the glory of sitting in state, which was rigidly kept up in Brankleigh; the chocolate and bridecake, the room full of elaborately dressed ladies and gentlemen, and the blushes of the bride and her satellites, looking their very best for the occasion. What an opportunity for touching the heart of young Somerville, who would be sure to escort his sisters; or of rich Mr. Woodhouselee, the banker — and all lost! What possible good was a wedding in the family, without all the proper accompaniments? Jane and Carry inwardly vowed, that if ever they had the good luck to be married, they would have *something* like a wedding.

Not so with Isabella. Younger by some years than her sisters, and more simple-minded, she was already disposed to look up to the superior character of her new relation, and appreciate her intentions. Besides, she could not help admiring the perfect harmony that existed between her and her husband, and which is so rarely to be met with in that holy state, where spirit as well as "flesh" should be "one." It had not been so in her own mother's lifetime. Though both Mr. Sellers and his first wife were excellent people, kindly disposed, and of high integrity, some slight differences of opinion had led to petty discords, that exasperated whatever failings of temper they possessed to a quite unnecessary degree. Isabella had been an accidental witness of some of these outbreaks, and, young as she was at the time, the impression made upon her was such that she formed a solemn determination never to marry any one whose spirit was not likely in deed and in truth to become one with her own. To this determination she added another — namely, if she met with any man whom she felt she could entirely love and respect, and he showed himself like-minded towards her, to marry him, whatever his age or station might be. Almost intuitively she had arrived at the conviction, that more misery was produced in the world by people missing their "other halves," than by any single circumstance besides.

Isabella was, however, very mild and quiet; and all this had been working in her mind quite unknown to any member of her family. So that

she stood, as it were, alone, and her lonely heart requiring sympathy, as do the hearts of all us, however strong and independent we may wish to be, she was delighted to find in her father's young wife one who was likely to give her this sympathy, unalloyed by any mixture of quizzing, or the annoying species of indulgence accorded to what some very wise people consider "romance" and "absurd nonsense." With this feeling, she accompanied Mrs. Sellers up-stairs, after breakfast, and timidly asked if she might sit with her until church-time.

"Yes, dear Isabella, to be sure," answered the bride. "Will you go with me into my dressing-room? It is there that I usually retire on a Sunday morning. Have you ever thought much about this precept?" inquired Mrs. Sellers, after a pause, during which they had both been occupied in reading—"Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away?"

"Not much, I confess," Isabella replied. "One reads these things so habitually, that they fail to impress us with any definite notions."

"For which reason," returned Mrs. Sellers, "I am very sparing in my reading of this kind. A few verses at a time are all that I peruse. Sometimes I put the book away for a short space,—and, when I re-open it, these beautiful precepts come upon me with the power and force of new ideas. Did you ever try to take them literally, and act upon them?"

"No," said Isabella; "I was never taught to do so. Indeed, I was always told that many of them were impossible to be taken literally.—Hush! there is the church bell. What do you mean to put on, mamma, mine?"

"You little foolish girl, call me Martha at once. Why, how much older am I than you?"

"I am just eighteen, and you are three-and-twenty."

"Pray, who told you that?"

"Oh! a little bird, I assure you. Mrs. Martha Sellers, such a wedding as yours does not — But I beg your pardon,—I am very impertinent."

"No, love, only innocent and candid." And Martha kissed Isabella on her fair, open forehead.

"Do let me help you to dress," said the latter.

"I can do that, and have plenty of time to dress myself after. Where is your bonnet? Where do you put all your things?"

"Here; see, I shall put on this shawl."

"Have you a shawl-pin?"

"No."

"How do you fasten your shawl, then?"

"Just with a common pin; it does well enough."

"May I be impertinent again?" said Isabella, blushing slightly.

"Certainly, you have my full leave."

"Well, then, I must say I never knew a bride like you. I have not seen you wear a brooch since you came — nor a ring. Just let me look at your hand: not that — the other. It is a nice white hand, with pretty tapering fingers; and this plain gold ring becomes it well. But you have not even a guard for it."

"It requires none: the guard is in my heart."

"Then you despise all ornament?"

"No, dear Isabella, it is not that. I am naturally a lover of jewels, and like to look at them upon other people. I used to have a great many, for my mamma left me all of hers, and my other relations were constantly making me presents. I will sometime tell you what reflections made me part with all my jewels, and resolve from that time forward to wear nothing that was not needed for neatness and comfort. Now, my dear, make haste and get ready, or you will be too late."

"What a nice green velvet! I must say it looks more sensible than a fine bridal bonnet this foggy day."

More than a week has passed since the youthful bride's appearance upon the scene of her future experience. Within that short space of time, she has uttered and done enough strange things to set one half the most "respectable" people of Brankleigh talking and wondering about her, and prophesying that "it never can last; with such opinions, she will be sure to disgrace herself in the end." And yet they are very courteous to her face; for not only does Mr. Sellers's reputation as a thriving citizen and "safe" man uphold his wife in a certain position, but the report of her large fortune, and its settlement upon herself, has also got wind; and who can dare to gainsay the doings of a rich heiress? Mammon! with all our charities and our preachings, with all our aspirations after the time when a man shall be valued according to what he is, and not after the standard of what he has, when there shall be no respect of persons, and, "the might with the right and the truth shall be" — with these shadows of "the good time coming," Mammon, thou art still the god of this world; and men bow low before thine huge golden altar, and debase and degrade the image of God in the service of his rival. So, the original-minded Martha Sellers went on her way, serenely soaring, like her prototype the moon, above the clouds of exaggeration and petty gossip, carrying her husband's heart along with her while white.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the Monday morning before Christmas-day — a bright, clear, frosty morning — and Mr. Sellers gave his arm to his wife, for the purpose of escorting her to do what ladies call "a little shopping." He had never been used to this kind of thing, but he did not dread entering a shop with Martha. She was not in the habit of turning over the whole contents of the shelves, and worrying the young men out of all patience, for a yard of ribbon or a little tulle. Her quick eye discerned at once what would suit her purpose; and her natural consideration for the feelings of others led her to give no more trouble than what was absolutely necessary. She had even been known to hurry over a purchase, and go home but half-satisfied, when she happened to find out that it was the dinner hour for the young men, and that the youth who was attending to her was very faint with a long morning's work. So we may be sure that our bride did not keep her husband

very long dangling his legs from the high narrow chairs in the several shops, but despatched her business with equal ease and rapidity, varying it by affectionate appeals to his taste and judgment, which kept him a pleased spectator of her cheerful movements.

They were just leaving the large establishment where Mrs. Sellers had ordered an unusual quantity of raisins, and candied lemon, and so forth, for her Christmas preparations, when they stumbled upon a woman who was entering it. Mrs. Sellers was looking another way, and did not particularly notice the person whom she thus encountered. But immediately afterwards, on asking her husband a slight question, she received no answer; and looking up into his face for the reason of his silence, she was surprised to find that it bore the traces of strong though suppressed emotion.

"What is the matter, dearest?" she inquired in alarm. "Are you ill?"

"No — nothing, love," he stammered; and she forbore farther questioning, for she saw that he did not wish it. No more was said, and he soon became as cheerful as usual.

"Whom shall we have to dine with us on Christmas-day?" said Caroline, as they were sitting round the fire after dinner.

"It is almost too late to issue the invitations now," remarked Jane, discontentedly. "We have always been in the habit of inviting a few friends for that day, Mrs. Sellers."

"So I understand," quietly observed the bride. "But we are in time yet. Have you any poor relations, Mr. Sellers, who would be glad of a good dinner of roast beef and plum pudding?"

The young ladies looked at each other, and then at their papa. But he, after one glance into the candid, loving eyes of his young wife, answered composedly, though with a certain restraint, "I am almost ashamed to tell you, Martha, that I have nearly lost sight of them all. Let me see. Poor Jack Marvel, the first Mrs. Sellers's brother. An idle, dissipated sort of a fellow he was, and we really could not do with him disgracing us here; so we let him know he was not very welcome, and, being as proud as he was poor, he soon made himself scarce. I have not seen him for the last six years. The last time I heard of him, he was living in one of the lowest parts of the town."

The bride had seated herself at a small writing-table beside the fire. "What is his address, dear?" she said.

"Duke's Yard, Skinner Street. At least that was where he lived two years ago, when I heard a bad account of his health."

"We will inquire after him," said Martha. "The next."

"The next poor relation, love? There is old Sarah Sissons — a kind of fiftieth cousin; and Tom Sellers another cousin. I think these are all I can mention. Only, if you are inclined to be very charitable, there is one poor friend of mine, whom my late wife never could bear. So, just for peace' sake, I was obliged to break with him. I have often repented it since. His address is John M'Farlane, Swallow Street. He is a plain sort of a man, but very sensible, though

odd and abrupt in his manner. He was too candid for the first Mrs. Sellers."

"Oh, I have no doubt he and I shall suit admirably," said Martha, smiling. "Now, for the addresses of Sarah Sissons and Tom Sellers."

They were given her, and then she turned towards the three sisters, who were all gazing at her with astonishment, though in Isabella it was mingled with admiration.

"Here is a nice Christmas party," said the bride. "One, two, three, four — with ourselves, nine. Nor will we confine our gay doings to the drawing room. Always with your permission, my dear," laying her hand upon that of her husband, who had drawn his chair near the writing-table. "Have I *carte blanche*?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Sellers. And his eye, as it dwelt lovingly upon his young bride's calm, sweet face, expressed more strongly than his words, how willingly he gave way to all her kind impulses.

"Then we will invite all the poor people in the immediate neighborhood, without exception, to dine in the large upper room in the new warehouse."

"A sort of 'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in' — hey, Patty?" said Mr. Sellers, laughing.

"In everything but the compulsion, Mr. Sellers."

That night Mr. Sellers, not being very well, went to bed early; and when his wife followed, after a chat with the girls over the fire, she found him fast asleep. She had taken off her dress, and was arranging her hair before the glass in the dressing-room, when she heard the sound of some one speaking, and, going into the next room, found her husband sitting up in bed, and talking very fast in his sleep.

"Poor Mary! poor child!" he was saying, "so your cruel father would not speak to you. I — I —"

The tears were running down his face, and he was so evidently distressed by the vision his fancy had conjured up, that Martha shook him by the shoulder to awake him.

"She turned so pale," he continued — "so pale — I mean —. What is it, Martha? What is the matter?"

"You have been dreaming, love. Feel, your face is bathed with tears."

"Yes, I remember," and he gave a heavy sigh, that much resembled a sob. "Sit down, Martha; I have often wished to unburden my mind to you. I am a different man since I knew you, my darling. But perhaps you would rather undress first."

"No, love, tell me now; I shall not be so sleepy. The fire is very good, and I have on my thick dressing-gown. Here, give me your hand, and tell me all about it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Sellers, covering his face with his other hand, as if ashamed, "I suppose you are aware that I have another daughter, besides those whom you have seen?"

"I have heard some rumors of the kind, but I did not know that she was still alive."

"Yes, she is alive, and living in this town. We met her this morning."

"Did we, indeed? Where, dearest?"

"When we were coming out of Dawson's shop. Don't you remember stumbling over some woman?"

"Yes, I was looking at those great Chinese mandarins that sit there nodding, nodding—a sort of catch-penny, I presume. I was aware that we knocked against somebody, but I did not see her face."

"That somebody, Martha, was my own poor, dear child. She turned as pale as a lily; and she was not dressed so well as one of my servants. Ever since I knew you, and came under your pure influence, I have doubted whether I acted the part of a Christian father in forbidding her my house, and disinheriting her merely because she had followed the dictates of her heart, fulfilled an understood engagement, and married a man whose only defect, even in my eyes, was want of money. I had encouraged their intimacy in better days."

"You only did as most other fathers would have done," said Martha soothingly. "The fault lies in the generally received ideas about the thing, not in the individual instances of carrying them out. An impartial arbitrator has long been needed between parent and child, Love and Mammon."

"Very true, my dear. I wish I had spoken to her this morning; but I had not yet made up my mind to do so, and the sight of her so altered, completely unnerved me. Now I have lost all trace of her."

"We shall perhaps be able to trace her again," said Mrs. Sellers. "I daresay the grocer will know where she lives."

"A bright idea. Thank you, my sweet comforter. I shall now go to sleep with a comparatively easy conscience."

"Just one more question, dear. Are you sure that Mary's sisters never see her?"

"No, love, I forbade all intercourse from the very first."

"What a severe man thou hast been! How was it that I happened to take a fancy to you?"

"Because you are an old young woman; so a young old man was not a bad match for you. Nevertheless, I am, and always shall be, grateful for your disinterested affection to a man so much older than yourself, dear girl."

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Sellers set out on their errand of peace and good-will. They had not said anything to the sisters of their intention to find out the offending one, and offer her the right hand of reconciliation, because they wished to prepare a delightful surprise for them; especially for Isabella, who had from the first been thoroughly understood and appreciated by Martha, and through her was beginning to be so by Mr. Sellers. So they allowed them to suppose that they were merely carrying their own invitations to Jack Marvel and the rest.

The sky was without a cloud, the granite pavement of the streets sparkled like diamonds, and the dirtiest houses looked almost gay in the winter sunshine; that penetrated every nook of the town of Brankleigh. But there was a keen north-east wind, and the bride folded her warm

cloak closer about her as she passed over the open space in the neighborhood of Skinner Street. They had called at the grocer's on their way, but he knew nothing of Mary. He said that a woman answering her description, called occasionally; but she always paid ready money, and carried her small purchases away with her in a little basket, and that was all he could tell them. He "thought she was a lady-looking person, something above the common; but he had never troubled his head much about her, having enough to do to attend to his customers as they came." So they were obliged to depart unsatisfied, to the bitter disappointment of Mr. Sellers.

"It would have been a good plan to have left a note at Dawson's," said Martha, as they entered Skinner Street, and stooped under a clothes-line that stretched across it, loaded with wet linen. "Only I fear that she laid in her store of Christmas groceries yesterday, and will not call again for some time. It is a great pity. I should so have liked to invite her to dinner for Christmas-day. Do you not feel with me, dear Charles, that it is a peculiarly suitable time for healing family breaches?"

"You know, Martha, how perfectly I agree with you in most things, and, above all, in your exhibitions of benevolence. But I cannot feel that one day is better than another for performing good actions."

"Nor do I mean to say so. God forbid. But I think times and seasons are requisite for many people, just to remind them of the acts of kindness which they may have neglected to perform. The majority have not yet sufficiently drank in the spirit of the gospel."

"Look! here is Duke's Yard. What a filthy entry! We shall be ankle-deep in mud."

"Never mind, dear; you need not shrink on my account. My boots are thick, and this stout merino gown will take no damage. My dress is never a hindrance to me."

"See!" said Martha again, pointing to a man who was sitting on the door-step of a ruinous house in the corner of the yard. "How bitterly that poor fellow is weeping!" Shall we speak to him?"

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" inquired Mr. Sellers, going towards him, and laying a kind hand on his shoulder.

The man lifted up a haggard face, that too plainly bore the traces of recent intoxication.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Sellers, "Jack Marvel, is it you?"

Poor Jack recognized his brother-in-law, but the recognition appeared to give him neither surprise nor pleasure. He coldly and distantly shook hands, and then relapsed into his fit of weeping.

"Can I do anything for you, Jack?" said Mr. Sellers again. "For old acquaintance' sake, for the memory of your poor sister, my late wife, confide in me."

"Much reason you rich people give one to confide in you," at length Jack replied. "You wish me to trust your friendship. Did you, six years ago, when you all but forbade me your house? You were no doubt afraid that poor, tattered, drunken Jack would disgrace his

rich half-sister's funeral, and so you did not even give him notice that she had departed this life."

"No, Jack, I must undeceive you there. At that time, I had lost all trace of you; a heavy trouble had fallen upon me and my wife, and we seldom saw any one, or went abroad ourselves, except upon necessary business. No, Jack, there you do me wrong."

"So you condescend to justify yourself to me. It is well; times must be changed with you. Come into the house, and learn a lesson upon riches and poverty—a lesson for which you may be the better all your life."

Mr. Sellers turned towards his wife. Her soft dark eyes were brimming over with tears; but she bowed her head, as much as to say, "let us go in."

So they followed Jack, who led them into a damp, mouldy apartment, where a few embers in a rusty grate gave out but a small degree of heat, that was by no means sufficient to dry the humid walls. But there was something there worse than the scent of mould and humidity. Upon an old deal table was raised a white heap, most fearfully like a coffin covered with a ragged tablecloth; and the room was filled with a pungent searching odor, that caused both Mr. Sellers and Martha to step backwards. They attempted to recover themselves without giving any sign of their disgust, but Jack had perceived the movement, and he laughed bitterly.

"Yes," he said, "you are not deceived. It is a slovenly, unhandsome corpse that stands between the wind and your nobility. You cannot breathe five minutes in the same room with it. How would you like to be compelled to eat with it, drink with it, and sleep with it."

"But," said Mr. Sellers, "if you have not funds to bury the body of your poor child—for such I suppose it to be, though I never heard that you were married—if you have not the necessary funds, why did you not apply to me?"

"To the rich brother-in-law, who looked and sneered me out of his house!" said Jack Marvel. "No, no; the poor relation, though reckoned, no doubt, the very scum of the earth, had too much pride for that. I contrived to beg and borrow from better men what would buy my poor boy a coffin, but not until he had lain dead a week. I then got some of my neighbors to go with me, and we took him to the churchyard, where his poor mother lies—if she hasn't been dug up to make room for others. There the man who wears a black gown asked me if the child had been baptized. I told him, 'No.' Where were the funds to come from? I should have to starve a month for the burial fees." So he told me coolly he could not bury it there, and I had better take it away again. There's the difference between your rich and your poor. A poor man can neither get his soul saved nor his dead put out of his sight. You rich men intend to keep heaven very select, it seems."

Mr. Sellers saw it would be of no use attempting to reason with a desperate man, so he silently placed a couple of sovereigns upon the ragged tablecloth, and told Jack he would endeavor to make some arrangements for the interment of the dead body, which ought not any longer to be

delayed. Jack frowned, and was about to refuse the money; but a glance at the little white heap appeared to shake his purpose.

"For his sake; for my boy's sake," he murmured.

Just at this moment, two little girls, who would have been pretty children but for the dirt, and rags, and emaciation that disguised their original appearance, ran in, and shrank back at the sight of the strangers.

"Come in, dears," said the bride; "come in, Do n't be afraid."

The youngest looked up in her kind face; and, apparently encouraged by what it saw there, came forward, and took hold of her gloved hand with its dirty little fingers.

"I want some bread," it said.

Jack drew it towards him. "Mary shall have some bread soon, and Emma also. It is for the sake of these and that poor lad who there lies dead," he added, turning to Mr. Sellers, "that I do not refuse your dirty gold."

The bride and her husband went silently away. Martha was the first to speak.

"We have now to inquire for Tom Sellers," she said. "God grant that we may not witness such another scene. Oh! my dear Charles, the knowledge that such misery exists in our wealthy manufacturing towns, side by side with the utmost luxury, is enough to make even those who can afford them forswear all superfluities forever."

"I am quite of your opinion, my dear," returned her husband. "But, with regard to the wretched man whom we have just seen, I fear his miserable position is very much his own fault. He once possessed advantages, which, if he had followed them up, would have made a very different individual of him. But, when the demon of strong drink has seized upon a man, the recovery of the victim is very rare. He falls step by step, until he becomes, to use poor Jack's expression, the scum of the earth."

"We will try to reclaim him," said the bride, eagerly, while her face glowed with charitable enthusiasm. "You, dear Charles, shall contrive the means."

The abode of Tom Sellers was quite at the other end of the town; and, as the bride, notwithstanding her stout heart, was by this time pretty well fatigued, as well as somewhat hungry, they stopped at a baker's to buy a couple of biscuits, and then got into a passing omnibus. This speedily conveyed them into the Central Market; where they alighted, and inquired at one of the shops for Cowgate.

But Tom Sellers had removed: and the people who had taken the house where he had formerly lived, being strangers, could give no information as to his whereabouts. It was now about twelve o'clock; and, as Mr. Sellers and Martha turned away disappointed, and puzzled what to do next, a troop of boys poured forth from a grammar-school close at hand. After them came a middle-aged man, of respectable appearance and comfortable exterior, whom Mr. Sellers immediately recognized as his cousin Tom.

"I have not here the same cause for self-approach as I had in the other case," he said to

Martha. "It was Tom's own fault that our acquaintance dropped. He seems to have a good berth of it now, however, for I never saw a man so altered in eleven months' time. Come, let us overtake him."

It was no difficult matter; for Tom walked with the dignity of an alderman, and looked as if nothing in the world had power to increase his speed or his circulation. He was a round, sleek man, with falling shoulders, close-cropped hair, and cheeks totally devoid of whiskers. As they came up with him, he slowly turned, and stared abstractedly at them, with an expression as though he were solving the fortieth proposition of Euclid.

"Good morning, Cousin Tom," said Mr. Sellers, cheerfully. "Allow me to introduce my wife."

Tom came slowly out of his mathematics, and presented a broad, beaver-clad palm, first to his cousin, and then to Martha.

"My house is close at hand," he said, after the first greetings were over. "I shall be most happy, if you will do me the honor of stepping in."

Pleased at the contrast between this and the former recognition, the bride and her husband complied, and were hospitably received by Tom's wife, a large, buxom, motherly body, with eyes as black as sloes.

"And how are the young ones, Tom?" said Mr. Sellers, when they had discussed some excellent bread-and-butter, with a glass of home-made wine. "Let me see, how many had you when I last had the pleasure of seeing you?"

"Seven, Mr. Sellers: now I have nine. The last time my good woman presented me with twins. I might have pulled a very face at this, had not my election to the second mastership of the grammar-school taken place the next day. We shall now do very well, provided that Hannah be less bountiful in her presents another time."

The good-wife blushed and simpered; and four or five rosy little girls rushed in from school, all dressed alike in brown stuff dresses and straw bonnets with green ribbons.

"Why, my dear fellow," said Mr. Sellers, "you appear to be partial to the feminine gender."

"All girls but three, cousin, all girls but three. The puzzle will be, as my wife often says, how to find husbands for them."

The buxom Hannah blushed again, till her very ears glowed.

"You must not mind Tom," she said; "he is always at his jokes, though he can put on such a grave face. Since we were a little better off, I have had some trouble to keep him in order, I can assure you."

"Well," said Mr. Sellers, "I think we had better come to the purpose of our visit. My wife and I called expressly to invite you to dinner on Christmas-day. Quite a family party."

Tom's eyes sparkled. "We shall be most happy," he said; "but what shall we do with the children, Hannah? They fully reckoned upon a game at snapdragon."

"If you will excuse me," Hannah began — "Oh, no!" exclaimed Martha, who had taken quite a fancy to Mrs. Tom; "we can allow of no

excuse. You must bring the children with you, twins and all. Isabella and I will help to keep them in order; and they shall play at snapdragon, and blind-man's-buff also, to their hearts' content."

So this plan was agreed upon; and Mr. and Mrs. Sellers departed, quite delighted with such a pleasant contrast to their other visit.

"Poor Mary! if we could but have found her out," sighed Mr. Sellers. "It is of no use applying to a Directory. I looked among the D's the other day, and the name of Drummond was not among them. They must be in lodgings somewhere."

Just then, the noise of a window opening above his head, caused him to look up. A female head protruded itself through the open sash, and he stood as if struck dumb and senseless; for this head, in braids and cap, was that of his long-lost daughter.

It was, indeed, Mary. She had opened the window to admit a little air, foggy and impure as it necessarily was, in that unhealthy locality; and, upon beholding her father in the street below standing transfixed and gazing upon her, she uttered a suppressed shriek, and fell back into her husband's arms, who had just returned from giving a music lesson; the first since his long illness.

At the sound of that shriek, Mr. Sellers recovered from the amazement into which his daughter's sudden appearance had thrown him; and rushing to the lodging-house door, without giving any explanation to Martha, he knocked at it in a style so different from his usually gentle, collected manner, that had she not before divined what had happened, she might have feared that he had taken leave of his senses. A tawdry girl speedily appeared in answer to the knock; but he thrust her aside without ceremony, and ascending the stairs three at a time, as if he feared his daughter would be spirited away from him, appeared before the sitting-room-door just as Mary opened it.

We leave the reader to imagine the hugging, and crying, and all the usual accompaniments of such a meeting; only stopping to relate how Martha was detained outside by the tawdry servant who firmly believed that a couple of thieves were taking the house by storm; and how Henry Drummond had to go down, to bring her in, and vouch for her respectability.

"Isabella has been before-hand with us, Mary tells me," said Mr. Sellers, when, the first excitement over, they were able to discuss matters quietly together.

"Indeed!" said Martha. "I trust you will pardon her disobedience. What a matter of pleasant surprise will this reconciliation be to her. There is scarcely anything in the world so delightful as experiencing an unlooked-for pleasure."

"Except the creating of it," said a deep voice at the door. All turned; and Andrew Fairleigh, for it was he, stalked forward into the middle of the room.

The Sellers and he were soon intimate; for they speedily recognized a brother spirit, and he was already well acquainted with them, from Isabella's report; who, the reader must be ap-

prised, *en passant*, had been visiting Mary every day from the period of the bride's arrival. Singularly enough, at each of these visits she had encountered Andrew; who for some reason or other, was seldom away from the house.

It was now unanimously agreed that the additional guests—honest Andrew being included in the invitation—should take their places at the Christmas dinner, without previous notice to the Misses Sellers; and, all being satisfactorily arranged, the happy pair departed; Mr. and Mrs. Sellers arriving at home just in time to make themselves comfortable before dinner.

CHAPTER V.

Christmas-eve arrived, presenting itself in very different aspects to the rich merchant and the poor artisan; the thrifty, and the drunken, and dissipated; the charitable, and those whose "bowels of compassion" had long been closed to the cry of their needy brethren. Around some hearths shone the cheering light of fire-glow and heart-warmth, rejoicing in surrounding comforts, and the power of distributing them to those who were less happily situated. Others were jocund with song and laughter; but no remembrance of the poor and suffering was there to moderate the laughter, and impart a deeper tone of feeling to the song; and so both sounded harsh and cold, and shallow as their owners. Some were gilded with the lunar rays of gratitude, reflecting in their softened lustre the ardent beams of the sun of beauty that had called them into existence. On others, again, brooded a thick gloom of physical cold and darkness, and that bitterness of the spirit, which is still worse to bear than these outward evidences of selfishness, on the one hand, and improvidence, on the other.

Jack Marvel's dead had been decently interred. The horror had been removed from under the ragged tablecloth on the deal table; the house fumigated; and the little ones supplied for once with as much bread as they could eat. A cheerful fire burned in the rusty grate, and Jack himself was attired in an old black suit which had once belonged to Mr. Sellers, and in which he looked more respectable than he had done before for many a long day. All this had been effected by the rich man's kindness; and one would have expected to have found Jack's heart warmed and cheered, as were the still bare walls of his miserable dwelling. Yet, as the haggard-looking man sat brooding over the fire-light, while his little ones played about the floor, there was no genial glow on his features, to correspond with the improved aspect of things around him. In fact, as is common with poverty that has not left behind it the dross of pride in the furnace of affliction, Jack was wavering between an angry dislike, on the one hand, to receive these comforts from a man whom he had sworn to himself to hate and despise, and, on the other, a species of jealous dissatisfaction that more had not been done for himself and his children.

"While he was about it," thought the discontented man, "he might as well have got me back my bed, and that proud young madam, his wife, who scarcely deigned to speak two words when

she was here, might have sent a bundle of her cast-off clothing, to make the children warm and decent. It is gall and poison to receive anything from the rich, but—" and here Jack swore a fearful oath—"while I was doing the thing, I'd take care I did it handsomely."

He had just arrived at this conclusion when a loud knock came to the door, breaking in upon his reflections, and startling him considerably.

"What a fool I am," he thought. "I dare say it's only Sam Jones, coming in to beg a light. I'll teach him to knock, if he hammers in that way, the ——— 'Come in!'" he shouted rudely.

The door was flung wide open, and in marched—not Sam Jones, as he expected—but two men, bearing between them a hamper of very considerable dimensions, and equally weighty with its size; if one might judge by the evident muscular exertion of its bearers, as they set it down on the mud floor.

"All right," said one of them. "This ere be Mister John Marvel's, aint it?"

"Yes!" said Jack, shortly.

The men departed; and the little girls, who had ceased their play to gaze at them, ran towards their father.

"Father, father, big box! Come, look, father!"

Jack hesitated—for in the mood in which he then was he would have scorned to testify any curiosity, however natural—but the importunities of the children at length prevailed upon him to examine the hamper. It was well corded; and directed in a clear, decided feminine hand, which gave him no clue to the sender, as he was totally unacquainted with the handwriting.

"Father, be quick and open it. Do, pray, father."

"Leave me room, then, lasses," said Jack, beginning to relax in his ill-humor at the touch of their importunate caresses; for reckless and desperate as the wretched man had become, he had ever been a fond, affectionate father. "Leave me a bit of room. You, Emma, take hold of this knot. Now, Mary, help to lift the end of the hamper—there, there's beauties—while I pull the rope from under. Now, we have only got to unfasten it, and look in."

And a glorious sight rewarded their exertions. First came three large bundles of clothing,—containing shirts, stockings, drawers, and so forth, for Jack; and everything needful to clothe the little girls from top to toe. Then followed a packet of tea, another of sugar, a huge side of bacon, a large meat-pie, a piece of cold roast-beef, and last, not least, a glorious Christmas pudding.

"Father," cried the little girls, as Jack extracted from the midst of these something nearly square, wrapped up in paper—"Father, what is that?"

It was a New Testament, out of which dropped a letter for Jack, superscribed by the same hand which had written the direction on the card. This letter was from Martha, as our readers will have already anticipated, begging in few words, that he would accept the hamper and its contents, as a Christmas offering of peace and good-will from Mr. Sellers, who would do himself the pleasure of calling upon his cousin in

the course of a few days. "Do not refuse us," it concluded, — "the happiness of being of service to you and your little girls, at a season when all old grudges ought to be forgotten, or only serve as incentives to the exercise of Christian forgiveness."

The children began to dance with delight round the old chest where all these good things were spread out, occasionally stopping to smell at the pudding, and extract a raisin or a bit of candied peel from its ample sides; and Jack, bolting the door to prevent the intrusion of any neighbor, sat down again before the fire, with Martha's letter in his hand, and, placing a foot on each hob, fell into a totally new train of reflections suggested thereby.

It was Christmas-eve also with the Drummonds and their friend Andrew; and there, indeed, the hearts danced to the flickering of the cheerful blaze, and reflected its warmth in their own glow of happiness. For Mary, pleasant little Mary, looked so serenely content in the anticipation of the morrow's delight, that her youthful freshness had all come back again, restoring the dimples that fatigue, anxiety and sorrow had well-nigh changed into wrinkles. Her altered aspect communicated its gladness to her husband and their visitor. In short, the Yule-log was upon the fire, and they were determined to enjoy their Christmas-eve in fitting style.

"Dear me," said Andrew, suddenly rising, and pushing back his chair, "I had almost forgotten. Mrs. Drummond, can you mull port?"

Mary answered in the affirmative; and forth issued from the prolific pocket of the shaggy great coat an ounce of nutmegs and a bottle of Oporto's best bee's-wing.

We may imagine what were the toasts drunk, and the sentiments expressed, over the moderate bumpers of Mary's excellent mulled port.

CHAPTER VI.

Brightly shone the holly-berries and cheerily waved the laurel, ivy, and bay, and other evergreens that decked the walls, the windows, and every available corner in the handsome drawing room at Beech-House. Mr. Sellers and Martha were already there, to receive their guests, and were meanwhile anticipating the pleasant denouement of their little mystery.

"I trust," said Martha, "that Mary and her husband will arrive just at the right time, neither too soon nor too late. I think our directions were plain enough."

"Oh, I have no fear," replied her husband. "Let me look at you, dearest. One would get fired of black satin upon any one else, but really it suits you so well, my little queen. And that wreath upon your smooth hair, is it real ivy and holly-berries, love?"

"As real, darling, as the decorations of the walls and windows. But, hark! some one arrives. And none of your daughters are down yet. Isabella is not wont to be so long in dressing."

Now we must let our readers into a little secret, and inform them, that, with the true divination of a woman of her perceptive powers, the

bride had anticipated the possibility of a mutual liking between Andrew and Isabella; and, desirous at any rate of promoting the understanding between two such congenial characters, and knowing how much the outer may be considered the type of the inner, had herself directed the choice of Isabella's attire for the occasion. It was to be of the simplest white lute-string, without fluttering ribbons or ornament of any kind. A broad, dark-green sash alone restrained its smooth folds; and around the pale golden tresses was bound a wreath of the delicate wild ivy, unintermingled with anything brighter or more showy.

The first arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sellers, with their retinue of children; the five youngest of whom were sent for the present along with the servant, who had come to carry the twins; to play in a large cheerful room prepared for their reception; where a nice girl, the eldest of Carry's Sunday-school class, was in waiting, to help to keep them in order. Mrs. Tom was rather timid and fluttered at first; for, being a plain master-builder's daughter, she considered Tom's relations very grand people indeed; but the sweet, frank manners of our bride soon placed her quite at her ease, and when the Misses Sellers at length made their appearance, she bore her introduction to them with great composure.

"Isabella," said Martha, drawing her aside, "where is your ivy-wreath? Why have you on that bright-pink sash? And what has detained you so long?"

"I am almost ashamed to tell you, Martha. When I was quite ready, I went to help my sisters, who had not yet begun to dress; they said it was so unfashionable an hour for a dinner-party, and such queer people were coming. They even doubted whether they should dress at all; and teased me so unmercifully about what they called my classical attire, ascribing it all to your singular notions, that I turned coward, partly for your sake, and made a little alteration in one or two particulars."

"And if you wish to gratify me, dearest Isabella, at this my house-warming, you will alter back again to the wreath and the green sash, and take off that fine brooch. I have a particular reason for this, which I will tell you half a year hence."

Isabella fixed her blue eyes on her friend's countenance, with a look of mild inquiry, but nothing was to be seen but a kind of suppressed archness. However, the young girl hastened to obey, and while she was up stairs, another rat-tat-tat sounded at the hall-door. The bride glanced uneasily at her husband, but her half-formed fears were quickly dispelled by the announcement of Mr. McFarlane.

And now Isabella came down in all her classical loveliness, and dinner was on the point of being announced. But there was a delay unaccountable to the majority of the company. Conversation flagged, and a kind of pause of expectation prevailed. Mr. and Mrs. Sellers too, appeared fidgety, and cast uneasy glances towards the door. At length there was another summons upon the knocker, a slight bustle on the stairs. Jane and Caroline looked at each other with sur-

prised inquiry; the rest of the guests turned their heads eagerly, to see who the new arrivals might be; and the bride and her husband moved hastily towards the door.

Again we must call upon the reader's imagination to fill the place which we resign, in humble confession of our inadequacy to describe the sensation caused by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond. The tearful delight of Isabella, albeit restrained by the presence of so many strange witnesses; the bewildered astonishment of Carry and Jane; the agitation of poor little Mary; and the sympathy of our benevolent Martha, with the extreme delight of her husband, whose heart's portals, once expanded, seemed in no danger of ever closing again,—all formed a scene never to be forgotten by the parties concerned.

"But where is Mr. Fairleigh?" asked the bride, when they had time to think of any one out of the immediate family circle.

Isabella started, and then pretended not to listen to the reply; which, however, she heard distinctly.

"He begged me to present his kindest regards, and said that unavoidable business prevented him from accepting your invitation to dinner, but that he would be with you shortly afterwards."

Martha looked towards Isabella, and their eyes met. There was an archness in the glance of the bride that made the latter blush, in spite of herself; but she thought, "My new mamma is no witch, after all: what can she know?" So, when the huge original made his appearance, just as the dessert was set upon the table—for what with the youngsters, who were lost in astonishment at the handsome set-out, and the zest with which their elders enjoyed the occasion, the dinner lasted to quite an unusual period—the only thing observable in Isabella's manner was a kind of friendly *empressement*, which completed her beauty, by adding to it animation.

It was now getting dark, and as soon as a movement had been effected into the drawing-room, Martha and Isabella spoke low together, and the latter left the room for several minutes.

"What can this mystery be between Mrs. Sellers and Isabella?" whispered Jane to Caroline, as they sat apart employed in the amiable occupation of quizzing the guests. "The little boudoir has been kept locked all day. I tried to get in when they were there this morning, but Isabella came to the door, and told me I should know all about it this evening. Look! Mrs. Sellers has taken the key from her pocket, and now Isabella is going in with a light. She was too quick for us to see anything through the door, though."

In about the space of ten minutes Isabella returned, leaving the mysterious portal open behind her. Mr. Sellers gave his arm to Mrs. Tom, who nervously accepted the honor, and desired the rest to follow. All, impelled by curiosity, immediately obeyed; and the little apartment was speedily filled to overflowing. Their eyes turned in surprise to the centre of the boudoir; for there, beneath a canopy of holly and misletoe, stood a fine Christmas-tree.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed some of the company. "What is it?" "What does it mean?"

asked others, who had never heard of this beautiful and pleasing German custom. The little children danced and clapped their hands; the twins held out their arms and crowed; and the servants, who had been ordered to assemble in the drawing-room, crowded round the door, to see what was going forward.

"This is a Christmas-tree," said Mr. Sellers, "first invented by our neighbors the Germans. The proper time for its exhibition is Christmas-eve, but we took the liberty of postponing it to this day, to celebrate the happy occasion of welcoming back a much-loved daughter and her esteemed husband; and of renewing our acquaintance with many kind friends, too long neglected. And now Mrs. Sellers will perform her part of the evening's solemnities."

For the benefit of those of our readers who are not acquainted with the beautiful descriptions of the Christmas-tree in Mary Howitt's and other modern works and translations, we will just say, that the one in question was a young fir-tree, placed in a large tub gaily painted for the occasion. Its branches were hung with tiny tapers, cut paper, oranges, apples, bunches of raisins, figs, *bouquets*, and other showy and delectable trifles, besides more solid ornaments, in the shape of pretty and suitable presents for the children, young people, and servants.

"Isabella," said Mr. Sellers, as the distribution of the presents began. But Isabella was not forthcoming.

"I saw her, a moment ago," said Jane, "talking to Mr. Fairleigh, under the lamp."

"And here she is still," said honest Andrew, bravely handing Isabella out of the corner which had attracted the couple to its snug recess. "Here she is, ready to dance Sir Roger de Coverly, or anything else that may be required of her."

"Oh! a dance by all means," vociferated John M'Farlane—"a dance under the misletoe. I can cut a figure in that dance myself," and the little man hopped about on one leg, until every one was glad to get out of his way.

"Be sober, man," said Mr. Sellers. "My bride has a meerschau for you, which she begs you to accept for her sweet sake."

"And a doll for me!"—"And a drum for me!"

"Hush, children," said buxom Mrs. Tom.

Just then, a dull, dead tramp, as of a number of people marching up the carriage-drive, sounded from the garden out-side.

"Oh, sir," said one of the servants, coming breathlessly from the window, where she had been looking out, "such a number of people on the lawn! It can't be the Chartists, sure."

"Martha," said Mr. Sellers, "postpone the proceedings a moment. I will go and see what it means."

A few moments of suspense ensued, and some of the ladies and children began to look half frightened. Mrs. Tom pressed closer to her husband, and Mary hastened across the room to Henry's side.

"It is only," said Mr. Sellers, returning, "a parcel of people who fancy that my little Martha here has done them good service this hard frost. They insist upon seeing her at one of the windows, that they may cheer her."

The green damask curtains were thrown back, the shutters of the principal window opened, and by the blaze of light in the room behind, Martha's figure was plainly seen by those on the lawn below. Then arose a shout from men, women and children. Andrew Fairleigh stepped out on the balcony, and taking off his hat, notwithstanding the cold of the night, signed to them to be quiet.

"Listen to me, my friends," he said, "this is Christmas time, as you well know. Your benefactress is yet a bride. Lift up then your hands and hats, and your honest hearts along with them, and join with me and our friends within, in three times three for the *Christmas Bride*."

And those without, and those within, heartily responded to the cheer; while Martha, her meek

head drooping, and her dark eyes filled with tears, would willingly have retreated from the public homage thus offered to private and most Christian worth. For what had she done, but carry into practice, as much as in her lay, the golden rule for human morality through all time—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It would certainly cost us some trouble, some ridicule, possibly loss of worldly friends, and distribution of worldly goods, but what large hearted man or woman, looking at the present in the light of the future, would not wish to go and do likewise?

So we join the happy company in the drawing-room at Beech-House, and humbly begging for a moment's audience, add from our inmost souls, "One cheer more for the *Christmas Bride*."

From Punch.

THE EXCHANGE CHIMES.

MR. PUNCH is happy to announce that the difficulties which have so long prevented the Royal Exchange Chimes from being completed have been removed, and that the following airs, appropriate to the present condition of City politics, will immediately be heard from the Gresham tower. The contractor gives hopes that the new year will be played in by them.

THE DAYS OF OTHER MAYORS.

AIR, "The light of other days."

The days of other Mayors have faded,
And Aldermen are past;
The Cit who hopes to do as *they* did,
Is hoping much too fast.

For London dooms the clique to ruin,
She'll mind her own affairs;
And the Mansion House see no renewing
The days of other Mayors.

THOSE GRESHAM CHIMES.

AIR, "Evening Bells."

Those Gresham chimes, those Gresham chimes!
They take us back to Tudor times,
When merchant-princes felt no shame
To bear a civic magnate's name.

That name has sunk below disdain,
No Gresham dons the civic chain,
A merchant-prince as soon would wear
The garb of beadle as of mayor.

But mayors and such will soon be gone,
A new *régime* is coming on;
We'll hope to hear, in better times,
Some Gresham hailed by Gresham chimes.

THE CURFEW.

AIR "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

The curfew tolls the knell of those whose day
Is done—those greedy "creatures on our
lee!"

Woe to the burly phalanx so *au fait*

At hiding callipash and callipee.

E'en Gog himself looks lively with affright,

And Magog scarce his spike-stuck weapon
holds;

BY. LIVING AGE. VOL. IV. 12

For Cornwall Lewis sits, prepared to write,
And Patteson an awful scroll unfolds.

LAMENT OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

AIR, "Woodpecker."

I knew ay the smile that derisively curled
On the Patteson lip, that my downfall was near,
When he said, "I can't see the least use in the
world

Of that gew-gaw procession you mount every
year."

My half-hearted advocate feebly replied,

About wantonly sapping the customs of yore—
But I said, "If there's peace to be found in
Cheapside,

I shan't be disturbing it many times more."

THE LITERARY WORLD.—The number of the New York Literary World for the 31st ult. bears the unexpected and unwelcome announcement that that journal is to be discontinued. It has had a more lasting existence than is generally accorded to such enterprises, having lived to see the expiration of its thirteenth semi-annual volume. A life of seven years had led us to regard it as a permanency, and we had expected that it would flourish many more years, the oldest, if not the only, purely literary journal in the United States. It is by no means creditable to the country that some journal of this sort should not be maintained—and it is not a little singular that a people, among whom education is so universal and a taste for literature and books so widely diffused and so generally accurate, should allow one after another of the efforts to establish a vehicle for the circulation of literary intelligence and chronicle for its record, to fail of success.

The Literary World was a weekly journal of a quarto form.

Messrs. E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck state in their parting announcement that it was begun Feb. 6, 1847, and was organized in its literary department by one of them; in the course of that year it passed into the hands of Mr. Charles F. Hoffman, by whom it was carried on until October, 1848, when the property and editorial charge were devolved upon them. They have thus been connected with it during nearly its whole existence.—*Daily Advertiser*.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE POETRY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PROFESSOR WILSON gave perhaps the most concise definition of poetry which could be attempted, when he said it was the "intellect colored by the feelings." If this brief interpretation of a term so familiar, and yet about the precise meaning of which so much has been written, does not include all descriptions of poetry, it certainly applies very directly to that which emanates from the female mind. In the writings of almost every literary woman, it is very obvious that the intellect and the emotions have a close and inseparable alliance. In a very few instances, the intellect may be said to preponderate, but in general it is not only colored, but highly colored by the feelings; so much so as either to be passionate or deeply pathetic. Hence we find that for the most part women, or men in whom a delicacy of sentiment akin to that which distinguishes the more cultivated of the female sex, have given us the best specimens of what is called the poetry of the affections. In the higher walks of poetry—such as the dramatic—few women have won a reputation. Their range is naturally restricted; for however powerful the imagination may be, the emotions are still more powerful, and what is simply touching, is the product of the female mind in most cases, rather than what is bold, stern, and strong.

Among the living female writers of poetry, there is not one to whom we could point as an exception to this general rule, in the sense in which Joanna Baillie was so, unless it is Mrs. Barrett Browning. In her case the feelings, or at least that narrower range of them which we have called the affections, come into play comparatively seldom. In the several volumes she has published, we find nothing akin to the gentleness and sweetly pathetic tone of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and nearly as little of the passionate impetuosity which characterized that of L. E. L. Except in one or two instances, there is no approximation to the style of any one of our modern British poets—nothing which indicates the influence of a masculine mind sufficiently strong to overcome, or give, as it were, a bias to the natural expression of feminine emotions and experiences. There is great original vigor to be found in much of Mrs. Browning's poetry, sentiment considerably different from that which we usually receive from her sex, and a certain wildness in her fancies not easily accounted for on the ordinary principles which guide us in judging of any literary effort. We do not, indeed, need to be told that she has a large store of acquired knowledge, for that is obvious in almost all her writings, much more so than her experience of ordinary life; but we do need to know that several of Mrs. Browning's early years were spent in a sick-chamber with the Greek poets for her chief companions, before we can fully estimate the value of her poetry as the expression of natural feelings, or thoroughly appreciate its artistic structure. Shut out, or more properly speaking, shut in from that communion with persons of her own sex and age which would have tend-

ed to the development of that part of her nature which so often struggles rather than flows through her writings, we can easily conceive her mode of thinking, as well as her taste, to have been greatly affected by her studies; while her emotions, restricted in their range, now break out into narrow channels, often with far more than womanly vehemence. In one point—namely, the influence of sorrow upon her genius—there may be said to be a similarity between her poetry and that of her female contemporaries or predecessors in general; but even that influence is usually manifested in a peculiar way. It is occasionally felt as a load which burdens the spirit of the poetess, and darkens her views of life. Thoughtful to a degree beyond what is necessary for the healthy exercise of the poetic faculty, and often gloomy from a too quick sense of the ills of life—or rather an exaggeration of them—Mrs. Browning is by no means a hopeful writer. Her poetry abounds with those solemn communings with her own heart, and those broodings in the shadows of existence which give the mind a melancholy and often an untruthful tone. Her themes are, for the most part, sufficiently indicative of this, and the very titles of her lyrical poems, where they are not obscurely fanciful, are in keeping with the spirit which pervades them. Thus we have *The Cry of the Human*, *The Soul's Travail*, *The Cry of the Children*, and similar titles. In seeking to make a selection from her poetry, we find that the only choice is between these and another set in which the chord of sorrow is a little more lightly touched. We take the following verses from one of two pieces of the latter kind, respectively called *Crowned and Wedded* and *Crowned and Buried*—the one suggested by the accession and marriage of our youthful queen, and the other by the interment of Napoleon:—

Napoleon! Nations, while they cursed that name,
Shook at their curses; and while others bore
Its sound, as of a trumpet on before,
Brass-fronted legions justified its fame—
And dying men, on trampled battle sods
Near their last silence, uttered it for God's.

That name consumed the silence of the snows
In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid,
The mimic eagles dared, what Nature's did,
And over-rushed her mountainous repose
In search of eyries: and the Egyptian river
Mingled the same word with its grand—"For
ever."

O wild St. Helen! very still she kept him,
With a green willow from his pyramid,
Which stirred a little if the low wind did,
A little more if pilgrims overwept him,
Disparting the lithe boughs to see the clay
Which seemed to cover his for judgment-day.

Nay, not so long!—France kept her old affection,
As deeply as the sepulchre the corse,
Until, dilated by such love's remorse,
To a new angel of the resurrection
She cried: "Behold thou England! I would have
The dead whereof thou wotest from that grave."

A little urn—a little dust inside
Which once outbalanced the large earth, albeit

To-day, a four years' child might carry it,
Smooth browed and smiling let the burden down,
Orestes to Electra—O fair town
Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down,

And run back on the chariot-marks of Time,
When all the people shall come forth to meet
The passive victor, death still on the street
He rode through 'mid the shouting and bell-chime
And martial music under eagles which
Dyed their rapacious beaks at Austerlitz.

* * *

I do not praise this man: the man was flawed
For Adam—much more Christ!—his knee un-
bent,
His hand unclean—his aspiration pent
Within a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he
had
The genius to be loved, why let him have
The Justice to be honored in his grave.

There is a freedom in these verses which many other pieces of higher poetical merit do not possess. One poem, *The Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, deserves special notice, as the best illustration of Mrs. Browning's sense of the artistic which her volumes afford. There is much less affectation in it than in most of the others, and strongly expressed emotions are sustained to a passionate climax with great success. We know of no poem by a living writer at all equal to it in this respect. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* has a passionate energy finely conveyed, but it lacks the vehemence of *The Lady Geraldine's Courtship*—a vehemence so thoroughly consistent with the nature, design, and progress of the poem, as to give us a far higher idea of Mrs. Browning's artistic capacity than even her more elaborate works convey. The story is that of a poet galled by the conventionalities which interpose themselves between him and the object of his love, a lady of noble birth and stately beauty—the old story, in fact, of the troubadour and the dame of high degree, with somewhat of a modern application. We commend it to the reader's notice, for no such extract as we could give would afford anything like a satisfactory idea of the poem. *The Lost Bower* is another of Mrs. Browning's highest efforts, though totally different from the work we have just referred to. It is suggestive and well conceived, the fancy is exquisite in many parts of it, and although we cannot quote from it advantageously, the following lines will suffice to illustrate its imaginative character:—

Ah! could this same bower, I fancied,
Be the work of Dryad strong,
Who, surviving all that chanced
In the world's old pagan wrong,
Lay hid, feeding in the woodland on the last true
poet's song.

So, young muser, I sate listening
To my fancy's wildest word—
On a sudden, through the glistering
Leaves around, a little stirred,
Came a sound, a sense of music which was rather
felt than heard.

Softly, finely, it enwound me,
From the world it shut me in,
Like a fountain falling round me,

Which, with silver waters thin,
Clips a little marble Naiad, sitting smilingly with-
in.

We have said enough, perhaps, to give the reader a pretty distinct impression of Mrs. Browning's genius. She has not yet done herself anything like justice. Early predilections still sway her, and she still lacks real self-interest in the subjects upon which she employs her genius. A later poem, *The Drama of Exile*, is an attempt, and, so far as its artistic consistency is concerned, not a very successful one, to apply the spirit and form of Greek tragedy to the subject of the Fall, or rather, the expulsion from Paradise. The dialogue, which is in many instances sustained and noble, alternates with a succession of choruses, marked at once by the best and the worst features of Mrs. Browning's style. Such a subject, it may be easily conceived, demands the exercise of a strong imagination, and in many parts of this poem there are passages of undoubted power—of a severe and stern strength, in fact, approaching the highest character of dramatic expression; but, at the same time, we in some measure lose the effect of these, when in the next page, we come upon vague declamations and paltry conceits which at once suggest a want of unity in the spirit as well as the construction of the poem. In spite of these faults, however, *The Drama of Exile* abounds with illustrations of what we conceive to be the highest style of poetry. In proof of this, we need only quote one or two passages at random. Here is a brief description of the effects of "the Fall" on the animal creation:—

On a mountain peak
Half-sheathed in primal woods, and glittering
In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour
A lion couched—part raised upon his paws,
And his calm massive face turned full on thine.
* * * When the ended curse
Left silence in the world—right suddenly
He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and
stiff,
As if the new reality of death
Were dashed against his eyes—and roared so
fierce—
Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear—
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills
Such fast keen echoes crumbling down the vales
Precipitately—that the forest beasts,
One after one, did mutter a response
In savage and in sorrowful complaint
Which trailed along the gorges.

There is scarcely a line in the above passage which might not have been written by the greatest poet of any land or any time. The description evinces imaginative strength in its sternest and loftiest form, and a picturesqueness vivid and terrible. As an example of what is more thoughtful and pathetic in the poem, we take the following on the destiny of woman, almost the only lines suggestive of feminine authorship;—

If woe by thee
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth
An angel of the woe thou didst achieve.
* * * Thy love

Shall chant its own beatitudes
 After its own life working. A child's kiss
 Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad:
 A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
 A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong:
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.
 I bless thee in the name of Paradise,
 And by the memory of Edenic joys
 Forfeit and lost; by that last cypress-tree
 Green at the gate, which thrilled as we passed
 out;
 And by the blessed nightingale, which threw
 Its melancholy music after us.

And on thy longest patience there shall wait
 Death's speechless angel.

We have selected these passages as being least affected by disconnection with the context; there are others of equal strength and equal beauty, going far to redeem the faults of taste and the artistic shortcomings of the poem.

Mrs. Browning's latest work is a poem of some length, with the rather curious title of *Casa Guidi Windows*. It professes to be a survey from the windows of the house occupied by the poetess at Florence during the eventful year of 1848; but though for the most part of a political character, its references are not confined to the occurrences which took place in the Tuscan capital. The survey extends over all Italy, and embraces the most interesting incidents of the revolutionary era in that land. All Mrs. Browning's sympathies are with the cause of the people, and she pleads for freedom and denounces tyranny in poetry of an earnest and often highly impassioned tone. She does not fail, however to record, frequently in the language of sorrow or of pity, the impression made upon her mind by the unstable and fitful attachments of those who to-day plant the trees of liberty, and rally round the people's flag, and to-morrow throw up their caps and shout a welcome to their returning rulers. Apart from the fine poetic fire which burns in many parts of the *Casa Guidi Windows*, the views which it gives us of Italian politics are clear and interesting. We do not usually look to poems for such things, least of all do we expect to find them in poetry written by a lady; but, as we have said, Mrs. Browning's sympathies are not such as are confined within the sphere of femi-

nine likings and dislikings. She has a great deal of masculine energy, and her writings are often pervaded by a spirit of political zeal not common in those even of the other sex. The *Casa Guidi Windows* contains less of its author's mannerism than any of her other poems, and has often the fiery rapidity of the improvisatrice, with a beauty of expression which she has not surpassed in any previous effort. Here is a tribute to Carlo Alberto, the Sardinian soldier-king, which is full of force, and more than worthy of the warrior—

Who bursting that heroic heart of his
 At lost Novara, that he could not die,
 Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this
 He plunged his shuddering steed, and felt the sky
 Reel back between the fire-shocks; stripped away
 The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,
 And naked to the soul that none might say
 His kingship covered what was base and beared
 With treason, he went out an exile, yea,
 An exiled patriot.

And taking off his crown, made visible
 A hero's forehead.

This is at least one evidence that the age we live in is not destitute of themes for the poet when the inspiration of genius comes to mould the modern event into the poetic thought. But we are tending towards politics and prolixity, and must leave the reader to judge of how far the extracts we have given make good the claim of Mrs. Browning to be considered a poetess in the true sense of that term. It is doubtful if a word which is usually meant to convey the idea of poetic gifts allied with the characteristics of the female nature, applies very directly to Mrs. Browning. In her case the imagination is by no means so highly colored by the feelings as to prevent the possibility of any reader supposing that her poetry, if published anonymously, had been written by one of the sterner sex. That she is gifted with the power of producing something far higher than she has yet given to the world is, we think, undeniable; and that what she has done is worthy of being remembered, is the opinion, we hope, to which we have now brought the reader.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE SCOTTISH BORDERERS.

THE magical pen of Sir Walter Scott has made classical land of the Borders, and thousands of pilgrims annually betake themselves to Tweedside to visit his grave, lying under the shadow of the Eildon hills, and to view the marvellous romance in stone and lime which he reared at Abbotsford.

It is strange how much romance can do for a country. Before Scott's *Lady of the Lake* the Trosachs were untrodden ground, whereas now swarms of tourists yearly pass through them with

the poem in their hand as the guide-book. In like manner, "Rob Roy's country," Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Stirling, and the majestic scenery lying north of these cities, beautiful and grand though it be in itself, has acquired great additional glory through the romantic spells woven around it by the Wizard of the North.

But Scott's first great achievement in romance was connected with the Border country. He was himself a Borderer, and the descendant of an old Border clan; so the *Border Minstrelsy* was to him a labor of love, in the course of which he gathered up the traditional ballads still floating about amongst the people, and embodied them

in the famous collection above mentioned. The *Border Minstrelsy* contains the best elements of history; for an old ballad is often of more value than an old historian's chronicle. It is what history often is not—a reflex of the life of the people in past times—embodies the passions, prejudices, heroisms, virtues, or vices, of the bygone age; and flashes quite a new light upon the old modes of existence of the country.

The Border ballads paint an epoch long since gone by. There is now nothing in Europe at all resembling the life which was led by the people along the Borders two or three centuries ago. It is not easy to define the limits of the Border district. At a remote period the south boundary of the Border country was the Tyne; the men of Cumberland, down even to a comparatively recent period, were desperate moss-troopers, preying upon the Scots at some times and upon their neighbors in Westmoreland, and Northumberland at others. But the Northumberland men were famous Borderers too, and were always quick enough to join in a foray upon the Scottish side, to burn villages, castles, or churches, as the case might be, and carry off what booty they could gather across the Tweed. Then, on the Scotch side, the Border extended along the entire district now divided into the counties of Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Dumfriesshire, if not further west. Down even to a recent date there was a portion of land, belonging neither to England nor Scotland, called the *Debatable Land*, which was eventually divided between the two kingdoms by treaty, as the disputed territory in Canada was divided between Great Britain and the United States a few years ago.

Stripping Border history of its romance, and looking at the Borderers as they really were, we find them to have been simply *thieves*. From the earliest times the Borders were the resort of banished desperadoes, of defeated factions, and of conquered races; and this was the case down even to the union between the Crowns of England and Scotland. When William the Norman conquered England, many of the defeated Saxons took refuge along the Borders; afterwards the defeated Danes went thither in numbers, and the large infusion of Danish words into the dialect to this day spoken by the Border Scotch, would lead one to suppose that the Danish is the prevailing element. For the Danes, who were pirates by sea, to betake themselves to thieving upon land, was not an unnatural process. Then there were the felons and criminals, the unsuccessful conspirators and rebels, who made for the Borders so soon as their own country became too hot to hold them. There neither English nor Scotch law could reach them, and a king's messenger durst not venture thither without risk of his life. Unless he was backed by a force greater than theirs, the Borderers would hang him up in a trice, and laugh at the king who sent him. And even the royal forces of the two countries, these Borderers set at defiance.

Every leader of a clan built for himself a peel-house or fortress—usually a square tower, with immense walls, the lower part of which was a rude enclosure for storing the cattle, the chief and his family living on the floor above; they

entered this dwelling by a ladder, usually from the outside, and when safely housed, they drew up the ladder after them, and were safe. Their barricades were iron-nailed doors and stanchelled windows, while over the main door leading into the lower or ground-floor there were holes through which boiling water or melted lead was poured upon the heads of the unhappy assailants.

Smailholm Tower, or Sandy Knowe, where Sir Walter Scott passed his early years, is a good example of the old Border Peel-house. It occupies a high and commanding situation amidst a cluster of wild rocks on the north side of the Tweed, a little below Melrose. It is surrounded on three sides by a precipice and morass, and is only accessible from the other by a steep and rocky path. The building consists of a high square tower, surrounded by an outer wall, the apartments being placed above one another, and communicating by a narrow winding stair. On the roof are two bartizans or platforms, used for defence or pleasure, as circumstances might require. The walls of the tower are exceedingly strong, being about nine feet in thickness. The position of Smailholm is such that it commands a view of nearly the entire Merse, or county of Berwick, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Tweed, with the serrated mountains of the Gala, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow, all renowned in song, in the western distance. Such was the scene of Scott's boyhood-life, in which the greatest and last of the Border minstrels drank in his poetic and traditionary lore.

These towers or peels are found extending along the Borders, in a continued series, so as to have a view one of another; and by means of signal-fires lit upon their summits on the approach of an enemy, the whole district could thus be raised for defence or aggression in a very short time. Not only are they found along the course of the Tweed, but they extend in a continued series up the banks of the rivers which flow into the Tweed, up the Whittader, the Gala, the Leader, the Ettrick, to the very sources of these rivers. One may yet imagine the beacon-lights flaming on these peel-towers in the olden time, leaping from crag to crag, and flashing against the black sky; then the hurried donning of back and breast-pieces and morions, the jingling of bridles and stamping of steeds, the mounting and the pursuit, the crash of the combat and the shrieks of dying men, the raid and the foray, with the midnight assault and fire-raising, amidst which the cattle were "lifted" and driven across the borders to the fortalice perched on what might be an eagle's eyrie. This was surely the Romance of Robbery, if anything could be.

It was a wild, rude, dangerous, and violent life that of these Border reivers. Sir Walter Scott related with pride many old tales of one of his ancestors, of the same name, familiarly called Wat of Harden, — Harden being another Border Peel, perched on the brink of a precipitous bank, from which one may look down into the crow's nests in the deep, dark, narrow glen below. One of the tales was to the effect, that when Wat's stock of English beef had become exhausted, his wife used to place upon the dinner-table a dish containing a pair of clean spurs, a hint to the company that

they must bestir themselves for their next dinner. And before night the cattle-stealers were, sure enough, on their way to their neighbors' pastures for the purpose of laying in a fresh stock of beef — without leave. Upon one occasion, when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly, to drive out Harden's cow. "Harden's cow!" echoed the indignant chief; "by my faith they shall soon say Harden's kye" (cows). Accordingly he sounded his bugle, set out with his followers, and next day returned with a *bow of kye* and a *bassened* (brindled) bull. On his way home he passed a large hay-stack. This would have been very convenient for fodder, but he could neither carry it nor drive it: "By my soul!" he exclaimed, in vexation, "had ye but four feet, ye should not stand there lang!" Such are the characters of Border romance! Strange that the thieves of a few centuries ago, should be the heroes of story now!

A son of the Laird of Harden, called William Scott, one day went forth on a foray against the neighboring clan of Murray, with which they were at feud. They succeeded in lifting a quantity of cattle, and were driving them off, when Sir Gideon of Elibank bore down upon the Scott party with his troopers, overpowered and defeated them, and took William Scott, their leader, a prisoner. On Sir Gideon's return to his fortalice, he was met by his wife, who, seeing young Scott a prisoner, asked what he was going to do with him. "Strap him up to the gallows-tree, to be sure," was the answer of the chief, her Goodman. "Hoot na, Sir Gideon," rejoined the considerate matron, "wad ye hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favored daughters to marry?" "Right," answered the laird, "he shall either marry our daughter, muckle-mouthed Meg, or he shall strap for it." Now this Meg, Sir Gideon's daughter, was unconscionably ugly — her mouth was as wide as a church-door, and hence her by-name of Muckle-mouthed Meg. When young Harden was given his choice of death or life with Meg, he at once decided on the former. He would die rather than have Meg, so preparations were forthwith made to "strap him up." While these were making, the youth reconsidered — he relented: he looked at Meg's mouth, it was not so very wide after all. He looked at the gallows-tree — his choice was made: he would have Meg and life. And so he had. Harden married the maid, and she made him an excellent wife. From this pair, Sir Walter Scott was directly descended.

The Border reivers made their *raids* on horseback, armed with a long lance, and having for defence a quilted doublet, defended with plates of iron or brass. Their dress was generally brown or heath-colored, the more effectually to conceal them from observation during their nightly furtive excursions. They were not particular whose cattle they stole, but they preferred going out of their own district for them; only the journey into Cumberland and Northumberland was long and often perilous. When they did not "lift" (the genteel word for stealing) Englishmen's cattle, they "lifted" Scotchmen's, north of the thieves' district. There was a kind of honor among thieves which prevented them stealing

from each other, unless there happened to be a feud between the Border clans, which was not unfrequently the case, and then the game was fair. When they made a descent on the Scotch farmsteads, they were Englishmen; and when they robbed the Englishmen's stalls, they were Scotchmen. All was fish that came to their net; and as for country, they were indifferent about that matter. Their hand was turned alike against both countries; and the laws of both countries were directed, for a long time quite ineffectually, against them.

In course of time, the chiefs of the Border clans throve greatly by their depredations. They built stronger castles, and added to their possessions — that is, by seizing them with the strong arm, — multiplied their retainers, assumed armorial bearings, and claimed to be chiefs, gentlemen, and gentry. The mottoes which they assumed, many of the great families descended from them bear to this day, such as: "Watch weel," (the Halliburton's), "Ye shall want ere I want," (the Cranstoun's), "Spare not," (the Hays, marquiss of Tweeddale), "We'll have moonlight again," (Harden), and so on. By degrees these Border-chiefs became of importance in their respective districts, because of the men they could bring into the field, and their alliance was sought by the Crowns of both kingdoms. They were elevated to titles, became lords, barons, earls, and dukes, and their descendants are at this day amongst the greatest and wealthiest peers of Scotland and the north of England. But they have long since ceased to steal cattle, and if they do commit a little "lifting" on the public, it is done in a more peaceful and constitutional manner; namely, by means of that great milch cow the public purse, which yields richer milk for the sons, nephews, cousins, and half-cousins of the Border lords, than any cow in Cumberland ever yielded in the "good old times."

We may mention a few of the nobles who boast their descent from the old Border reivers. The most powerful is the Duke of Buccleuch, still the richest lord along the Borders. The old chiefs of the Scotts were notorious thieves. Adam Scott, of Tushielaw, called in his day "the King of the Thieves," was hanged over his own gate by James V. in the famous excursion which he made into the Border country to put down the reivers. Scott, the laird of Buccleuch, and Kerr of Fernihurst, narrowly escaped the same fate; they were, however, imprisoned and kept in ward during the royal visitation of their district. When Adam Scott was hanged on the old ash-tree, over his gate at Tushielaw, the bark of the tree was felt and seen to be full of nichs and hollows, formed by the ropes on which many an unhappy wretch had been hanged by the remorseless Tushielaw himself.

The immediate ancestor of the Buccleuch family was Sir William Scott, who already possessing an extensive domain in Ettrick Forest and Teviotdale, but made an exchange of his estate of Murdiestone, in Lanarkshire, with Sir Thomas Inglis, for the estate of Bransholm, in Teviotdale. Inglis was a man of pacific character, quite out of place upon the Borders in those days; and he was complaining to Scott of the injuries which he

was exposed to from the English borderers, who plundered his lands at Branhholm, and rendered an easy pacific life impossible. An exchange of lands was accordingly agreed upon, Scott dryly remarking on the completion of the bargain, that "the cattle of Cumberland were as good as those of Teviotdale;" and no sooner had he settled down at Branhholm than he commenced cattle-stealing on a large scale, and made repeated successful incursions upon the English borders, a system which was long pursued by his successors. For a long time Branhholm Castle continued to be the principal seat of the chief of Buccleuch Scotts, and it will be remembered that Sir Walter makes it the scene of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:—

The feast was over in Branhholm tower,
And the lady had gone to her secret bower.

* * *

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branhholm Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name,
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited duteous, on them all;
They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

Not far from Branhholm stands Goldieland Tower, where lived a clansman of the lord of Buccleuch. The last of the Scotts of Goldieland was, like Adam "the king of the thieves," hanged over his own gate, for march treason, as is described in the Border-ballad entitled *Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead*.

The Scotts of Buccleuch, however, managed to keep their own necks out of the halter: they became powerful chiefs, and could bring 1,000 well-armed troopers into the field. So they climbed and climbed, like the other terrible chiefs of their day, making war on their own account, seizing lands from the weak, and even in one case appropriating a large slice out of the Crown-lands in Ettrick Forest. In 1528, Lord Dacre, writing to Cardinal Wolsey, styles the laird of Buccleuch "the chief maintainer of all misguided men on the borders of Scotland;" for he had at his beck and bidding the wild and outlawed Armstrongs, the Elliots, and many others of the broken and desperate clans; in short, there rallied under his banner the bulk of the thieves of Annandale and Liddesdale. To such an uncontrollable height did his daring reach, that the Scottish king, unable to punish him, gave the English monarch free permission to enter the Borders, to spoil and slaughter the banditti under Buccleuch. So the Earl of Northumberland, with a large force, crossed the Border in 1532, ravaged the country, burnt Branhholm, and other strong places, immediately following which, Buccleuch retaliated by an inroad into England, in which he more than recovered the cattle he had lost by the English foray. This chief was shortly after murdered in the streets of Edinburgh, by the Kerrs of Cessford, his hereditary enemies, with whom the Scotts were always at bitter and deadly feud.

But the Buccleuch family continued to rise. The next chief of the clan was concerned in the conspiracy against the regent Murray, whose

murderer he sheltered in his Border fastnesses. The regent who succeeded Murray was the Earl of Lennox, and him Buccleuch one day suddenly seized in the streets of Stirling, with all his followers. Buccleuch had with him a body of only 200 Border horsemen; but these dispersing, as was their wont, for plunder, the citizens rose, rescued the regent, and drove Buccleuch and his reivers from the town. This Buccleuch was a keen partisan of the unfortunate Queen Mary; so that this chief was now taking a part in the politics of Scotland, and was no longer a mere Border thief. As cattle-lifting became less popular, and particularly when England and Scotland became united under one crown, Border raids, led by Border chiefs, fell into disuse, and all the small reivers were summarily put down. But it took a long time to do this, the habit of cattle-stealing had become so deeply-rooted amongst the population of both sides of the Border.

Among the other powerful Border chiefs, whose descendants still sit among the British peers, were the Kerrs of Fernihurst and Cessford, now represented by the Duke of Roxburgh and the Marquis of Lothian respectively. They, too, have forsaken the pursuits of their ancestors. There is also Lord Cranston, the Earl of Home, the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Maxwell, and many more, now quite peaceable, respectable peers. Amongst the Commoners, descended from Border reivers, the most notable is Sir James Graham, of Netherby. The district of Netherby was situated in what was called the *Debatable Land*. It continued to be the last haunt of the most desperate thieves, long after the land was divided between England and Scotland. The Grahams, or Græmes, first resorted to the Borders under the leadership of the second son of the Earl of Montith, commonly surnamed *Malice*, or *John with the bright Sword*; they went thither in consequence of some disgrace into which their chief had fallen at the Scotch court; and the Grahams upon the Borders soon became amongst the most lawless of depredators. They stole cattle from the Scotch and English indifferently, like their neighbors, the Armstrongs. An old historian, speaking of them, says—"The Græmes were all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves; both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland." A saying is recorded of a Graham mother to her son (now become proverbial), "*Ride, Rowdie, ride, hough's i' the pot*;" that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more. In the reign of James I. of England, a number of these Græmes were banished to Ireland, and forbidden to return, on pain of death; but some of them remained, to found the flourishing house of Graham of Netherby, now represented in the person of Sir James Graham.

The western district of the Border, in the neighborhood of the Debatable Land, remained long unsettled, and the Borderers could scarcely be restrained from cattle-lifting in a small way; the thievish propensity had become so deeply engrained in their nature. Border reiving was

pursued as a calling down to the time of the Georges. Macaulay, in his History, says, that in the reign of Charles II. there was still a large class of moss-troopers, whose calling was to plunder dwellings and to drive away whole herds of cattle. It was found necessary, soon after the Restoration, to enact laws of great severity for the prevention of these outrages. The magistrates of Northumberland and Cumberland were authorized to raise bands of armed men for the defence of property and order; and provision was made for meeting the expense of these levies by local taxation. The parishes were required to keep bloodhounds for the purpose of hunting the freebooters. Many old men who were living in the middle of the eighteenth century, could well remember the time when those ferocious dogs were common. Yet, even with such auxiliaries, it was often found impossible to track the robbers to their retreats among the hills and morasses. Even after the accession of George III. the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably in their youth escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road.

When Mr. Bruce's party of exploration went over the ground on which the Roman wall was built, between the Tyne and the Solway, a few years ago, they fell in with Mr. Lawson, the aged proprietor of Dunnburgh, who related to the travellers the following story. Pointing to a small cottage on the opposite shore, "There," said he, "lived a Scottish reiver, who in the days of my grandfather, made, on nineteen successive Easter-eves, a successful foray on the English side. A twentieth he prepared to go; his family remonstrated; he, however, persisted, saying that this should be his last attempt. Our people were prepared for him, and slew him." Some of the party asked, "What notice did the law take of the transaction?" "None," was the answer; "the law which could not protect a man, would not punish him for taking the law into his own hands." Probably this was the last of the old Scottish reivers; and now this once formidable system of depredation has dwindled down into that of petty overreaching at Border fairs and trysts, in the sale of gimmers, tups, and black-faced wethers.

In the hot discontent of 1848, a singular assemblage might have been seen collected in the room of a coffee-house at Holborn. There you would have encountered men glib of tongue, passionate in temperament, of solid or scanty information, well-meaning and ill-meaning, sheer demagogues or earnest fellows, painfully struggling to right a world which seemed too heavy at the top. Presiding over them was a scholar, fresh from the quiet, refined family or the choice seats of biblical and classic lore. Professor Maurice, you will guess, and you are right. Determined to satisfy himself as to what those clamorous thousands really were — what their thoughts, their wishes, and their mental and moral standard — the Professor took a bold step, and with marvellous judgment contrived to bring together all the leaders who had the confidence of the work-shops and the repute of respectable men. For week after week he listened attentively to their exposition of their panacea, their wild complaints, and their restless, undecided scepticism. The plan he adopted was to take notes of each man's address, and, before the evening closed, to read them over, taking every opportunity to put in a word of sound counsel, to set aside a fallacy, and to bring into beautiful relief an unsullied Christianity. Of course, the mere trading agitators could not stand this, and his audience grew a little thinner — but to the last it was of a remarkable description. Then followed lectures of a directly religious tendency, classes of various kinds, and the attempts I have alluded to, to bring the associative principle into practice, so far as our law of partnership will allow. As to the wisdom of the latter experiments I say nothing, but to this I can testify — Professor Maurice's labors have rescued hundreds of acute, well-read, moral working men from the evils of infidelity and the

dangers of tempestuous political agitation. He is beloved, almost adored, by numbers, who in their turn influence numbers more. — *Cambridge Independent; London Correspondence.*

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Ye whose light fingers wander through the strings,
Seeking high matter for your melodies,
And finding none; oh! leave the withered Past,
And turn ye to the time that liveth now.
Will ye be looking in the fallen leaves
For the green beauty of the parted Spring?
Or will ye seek in last year's naked nest
The speckled eggs it cradled? — be ye wise!
Gather from all the golden flower-cups
That blossom even now; the winter-tide
Cometh to thee and them, and shall it find
Thy sunshine slighted, and thy summer gone,
And for the after-bees no honey hived?

Time hath three daughters: one with drooping head
Sits in the shadow she herself doth cast,
Weaving a winding-sheet; and one hath charge
Of marriage-robcs and wedding coronals,
Wherein is heart's ease and the hemlock-bud;
And one, the last, doth with averted face
And song that shapeth not itself in words,
Spin the small wrapper and the tiny band
To swathe the yet unbreathing: — of the three
One is not for thee, one thou seest not,
And one is all thine own — a willing bride.
Cleave to her like a lover; she will tell
Things that shall sink into thy soul, and come
Out of the harp-string like a voice that lives
And holds the hearer with its solemn tones.

Poems by Edwin Arnold.

From Household Words.

TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither feared nor loved them." The extermination of the Huguenots was a favorite project with Cardinal Richelieu, and it was at his instigation that the second siege of Rochelle was undertaken — known even to the most careless student of history for the horrors of famine which the besieged endured. Miserably disappointed as they were at the failure of the looked-for assistance from England, the mayor of the town, Guiton, rejected the conditions of peace which Cardinal Richelieu offered; namely, that they would raze their fortifications to the ground, and suffer the Catholics to enter. But there was a traitorous faction in the town; and, on Guiton's rejection of the terms, this faction collected in one night a crowd of women and children and aged persons, and drove them beyond the lines; they were useless, and yet they ate food. Driven out from the beloved city, tottering, faint and weary, they were fired at by the enemy; and the survivors came pleading back to the walls of Rochelle, pleading for a quiet shelter to die in, even if their death were caused by hunger. When two-thirds of the inhabitants had perished; when the survivors were insufficient to bury their dead; when ghastly corpses out-numbered the living — miserable, glorious Rochelle, stronghold of the Huguenots, opened its gates to receive the Roman Catholic Cardinal, who celebrated mass in the church of St. Marguerite, once the beloved sanctuary of Protestant worship. As we cling to the memory of the dead, so did the Huguenots remember Rochelle. Years — long years of suffering — gone by, a village sprang up, not twenty miles from New York, and the name of that village was New Rochelle; and the old men told with tears of the sufferings their parents had undergone when they were little children, far away across the sea, in the "pleasant" land of France.

Richelieu was otherwise occupied after this second siege of Rochelle, and had to put his schemes for the extermination of the Huguenots on one side. So they lived in a kind of trembling uncertain peace during the remainder of the reign of Louis the Thirteenth. But they strove to avert persecution by untiring submission. It was not until sixteen hundred and eighty-three that the Huguenots of the south of France re-

solved to profess their religion, and refuse any longer to be registered among those of the Roman Catholic faith; to be martyrs, rather than apostates or hypocrites. On an appointed Sabbath, the old deserted Huguenot churches were re-opened; nay, those in ruins, of which but a few stones remained to tell the tale of having once been holy ground, were peopled with attentive hearers, listening to the word of God as preached by reformed ministers. Languedoc, Cevennes, Dauphigny, seemed alive with Huguenots — even as the Highlands were, at the chieftain's call, alive with armed men, whose tartans had been hidden but a moment before in the harmonious and blending colors of the heather.

Dragonnades took place, and cruelties were perpetrated, which it is as well, for the honor of human nature, should be forgotten. Twenty-four thousand conversions were announced to Le Grand Louis, who fully believed in them. The more far-seeing Madame de Maintenon, hinted at her doubts in the famous speech, "Even if the fathers are hypocrites, the children will be Catholics."

And then came the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A multitude of weak reasons were alleged, as is generally the case where there is not one that is really good or presentable; such as that the Edict was never meant to be perpetual; that (by the blessing of heaven and the dragonnades) the Huguenots had returned to the true faith, therefore the Edict was useless — a mere matter of form, etc. etc.

As a "mere matter of form," some penalties were decreed against the professors of the extinct heresy. Every Huguenot place of worship was to be destroyed; every minister who refused to conform was to be sent to the Hôpitaux des Forçats at Marseilles and at Valence. If he had been noted for his zeal, he was to be considered "obstinate," and sent to slavery for life in such of the West Indian islands as belonged to the French. The children of Huguenot parents, were to be taken from them by force, and educated by the Roman Catholic monks or nuns. These are but a few of the enactments contained in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now come in some of the traditions which I have heard and collected.

A friend of mine, a descendant from some of the Huguenots who succeeded in emigrating to England, has told me the following particulars of her great-great-grandmother's escape. This lady's father was a Norman farmer, or rather a small landed proprietor. His name was Lefebvre; he had two sons, grown men, stout and true; able to protect themselves, and choose their own line of conduct; but he had also one little daughter, Magdalen, the child of his old age, and the darling of his house; keeping it alive and glad with her innocent prattle. His small estate was far away from any large town, with its corn-fields and orchards surrounding the old ancestral house. There was plenty always in it; and, though the wife was an invalid, there was always a sober cheerfulness present, to give a charm to the abundance.

The family of Lefebvre lived almost entirely on the produce of the estate, and had little need

for much communication with their nearest neighbors, with whom, however, as kindly, well-meaning people, they were on good terms, although they differed in their religion. In those days coffee was scarcely known, even in large cities; honey supplied the place of sugar; and for the potage, the *bouilli*, the vegetables, the salad, the fruit, the garden, farm and orchard of the Lefebvres was all-sufficient. The woollen cloth was spun by the men of the house on winters' evenings, standing by the great wheel, and carefully and slowly turning it to secure evenness of thread. The women took charge of the linen, gathering, and drying and beating the bad smelling hemp, the ugliest crop that grew about the farm; and reserving the delicate blue-flowered flax for the fine thread needed for the daughter's *trousseau*; for as soon as a woman child was born, the mother lying too faint to work, smiled as she planned the web of dainty linen, which was to be woven at Rouen, out of the flaxen thread of gossamer fineness, to be spun by no hand, as you may guess, but that mother's own. And the farm-maidens took pride in the store of sheets and table napery which they were to have a share in preparing for the future wedding of the little baby, sleeping serene in her warm cot, by her mother's side. Such being the self-sufficient habits of the Norman farmers, it was no wonder that in the eventful year of sixteen hundred and eighty-five, Lefebvre remained ignorant for many days of that Revocation which was stirring the whole souls of his co-religionists. But there was to be a cattle fair at Avranches, and he needed a barren cow to fatten up and salt for the winter's provision. Accordingly the large-boned Norman horse was accoutred, summer as it was, with all its paraphernalia of high-peaked wooden saddle, blue sheepskin, scarlet worsted fringe and tassels; and the farmer Lefebvre, slightly stiff in his limbs, after sixty winters, got on from the horse-block by the stable wall, his little daughter Magdalen nodding and kissing her hand as he rode away. When he arrived at the fair, in the great place before the cathedral in Avranches, he was struck with the absence of many of those who were united to him by the bond of their common persecuted religion; and on the faces of the Huguenot farmers who were there, was an expression of gloom and sadness. In answer to his inquiries, he learned for the first time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He and his sons could sacrifice anything—would be proud of martyrdom if need were—but the clause which cut him to the heart, was that which threatened that his pretty, innocent, sweet Magdalen might be taken from him and consigned to the teachings of a convent. A convent to the Huguenots excited prejudices, implied a place of dissolute morals, as well as of idolatrous doctrine.

Poor Farmer Lefebvre thought no more of the cow he went to purchase; the life and death—nay, the salvation or damnation—of his darling, seemed to him to depend on the speed with which he could reach his home, and take measures for her safety. What these were to be he could not tell in this moment of bewildered terror; for, even while he watched the stable-boy at the inn arranging his horse's gear without daring

to help him—for fear his early departure and undue haste might excite suspicion in the malignant faces he saw gathering about him—even while he trembled with impatience, his daughter might be carried away out of his sight, for ever and ever. He mounted and spurred the old horse; but the road was hilly, and the steed had not had his accustomed rest; and was poorly fed, according to the habit of the country; and at last, he almost stood still at the foot of every piece of rising ground. Farmer Lefebvre dismounted, and ran by the horse's side up every hill, pulling him along, and encouraging his flagging speed by every conceivable noise, meant to be cheerful, though the tears were fast running down the old man's cheeks. He was almost sick with the revulsion of his fears, when he saw Magdalen sitting out in the sun, playing with the "fromages" of the mallow-plant, which are such a delight to Norman children. He got off his horse, which found its accustomed way into the stable. He kissed Magdalen over and over again, the tears coming down his cheeks like rain. And then he went in to tell his wife—his poor invalid wife. She received the news more tranquilly than he had done. Long illness had deadened the joys and fears of this world to her. She could even think and suggest. "That night a fishing-smack was to sail from Granville to the Channel Islands. Some of the people who had called at the Lefebvre farm, on their way to Avranches, had told her of ventures they were making, in sending over apples and pears to be sold in Jersey, where the orchard crops had failed. The captain was a friend of one of her absent sons; for his sake—"

"But we must part from *her*—from Magdalen, the apple of our eyes. And she—she has never left her home before, never been away from us—who will take care of her? Marie, I say, who is to take care of the precious child?" And the old man was choked with his sobs. Then his wife made answer, and said:—

"God will take care of our precious child, and keep her safe from harm, till we two—or you at least, dear husband, can leave this accursed land. Or, if we cannot follow her, she will be safe for heaven; whereas, if she stays here to be taken to the terrible convent, hell will be her portion, and we shall never see her again—never!"

So they were stilled by their faith into sufficient composure to plan for the little girl. The old horse was again to be harnessed and put into the cart; and if any spying Romanist looked into the cart, what would they see but straw, and a new mattress rolled up, and peeping out of a sackcloth covering. The mother blessed her child, with a full conviction that she should never see her again. The father went with her to Granville. On the way the only relief he had was caring for her comfort in his strange imprisonment. He stroked her cheeks and smoothed her hair with his labor-hardened fingers, and coaxed her to eat the food her mother had prepared. In the evening her feet were cold; he took off his warm flannel jacket to wrap them in. Whether it was that chill coming on the heat of the excited day, or whether the fatigue and grief broke down the old man utterly, no

one can say. The child Magdalen was safely extricated from her hidden-place at the Quai at Granville, and smuggled on board of the fishing-smack, with her great chest of clothes, and half-collected *trousseau*; the captain took her safe to Jersey, and willing friends received her eventually in London. But the father—moaning to himself, “if I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved,” saying that pitiful sentence over and over again, as if the repetition could charm away the deep sense of woe—went home, and took to his bed; and died; nor did the mother remain long after him.

One of these Lefebvre sons was the grandfather of the Duke of Dantzic, one of Napoleon's marshals. The little daughter's descendants, though not very numerous, are scattered over England; and one of them, as I have said, is the lady who told me this, and many other particulars relating to the exiled Huguenots.

At first the rigorous decrees of the Revocation were principally enforced against the ministers of religion. They were all required to leave Paris at forty-eight hours' notice, under severe penalties for disobedience. Some of the most distinguished among them were ignominiously forced to leave the country; but the expulsion of these ministers was followed by the emigration of the more faithful among their people. In Languedoc this was especially the case; whole congregations followed their pastors; and France was being rapidly drained of the more thoughtful and intelligent of the Huguenots (who as a people had distinguished themselves in manufactures and commerce), when the King's minister took the alarm, and prohibited emigration, under pain of imprisonment for life; imprisonment for life, including abandonment to the tender mercies of the priests. Here again I may relate an anecdote told me by my friend:—A husband and wife attempted to escape separately from some town in Brittany; the wife succeeded, and reached England, where she anxiously awaited her husband. The husband was arrested in the attempt, and imprisoned. The priest alone was allowed to visit him; and, after vainly using argument to endeavor to persuade him to renounce his obnoxious religion, the priest with cruel zeal, had recourse to physical torture. There was a room in the prison with an iron floor, and no seat, nor means of support or rest; into this room the poor Huguenot was introduced. The iron flooring was gradually heated (one remembers the gouty gentleman whose cure was effected by a similar process in “Sandford and Merton;” but there the heat was not carried up to torture, as it was in the Huguenot's case); still the brave man was faithful. The process was repeated; all in vain. The flesh on the soles of his feet was burnt off, and he was a cripple for life; but, cripple or sound, dead or alive, a Huguenot he remained. And by and bye, they grew weary of their useless cruelty, and the poor man was allowed to hobble about on crutches. How it was that he obtained his liberty at last, my informant could not tell. He only knew that after years of imprisonment and torture, a poor gray cripple was seen wandering about the streets of London, making vain inquiries for his wife in his

broken English, as little understood by most as the Moorish maiden's cry for “Gilbert, Gilbert.” Some one at last directed him to a coffee-house near Soho Square, kept by an emigrant, who thrived upon the art, even then national, of making good coffee. It was the resort of the Huguenots, many of whom by this time had turned their intelligence to good account in busy commercial England.

To this coffee-house the poor cripple hid himself; but no one knew of his wife; she might be alive, or she might be dead; it seemed as if her name had vanished from the earth. In the corner sat a pedlar listening to everything, but saying nothing. He had come to London to lay in a stock of wares for his rounds. Now the three harbors of the French emigrants were Norwich, where they established the manufacture of Norwich crape; Spitalfields in London, where they embarked in the silk trade; and Canterbury, where a colony of them carried on one or two delicate employments, such as jewelry, wax-bleaching, etc. The pedlar took Canterbury in his way, and sought among the French residents for a woman who might correspond to the missing wife. She was there earning her livelihood as a milliner, and believing her husband to be either a galley-slave, or dead long since in some of the terrible prisons. But, on hearing the pedlar's tale, she set off at once to London, and found her poor crippled husband, who lived many years afterwards in Canterbury, supported by his wife's exertions.

Another Huguenot couple determined to emigrate. They could disguise themselves; but their baby? If they were seen passing through the gates of the town in which they lived with a child, they would instantly be arrested, suspected Huguenots as they were. Their expedient was to wrap the baby into a formless bundle; to one end of which was attached a string; and then, taking advantage of the deep gutter which runs in the centre of so many old streets in French towns, they placed the baby in this hollow, close to one of the gates after dusk. The *gend'arme* came out to open the gate to them. They were suddenly summoned to see a sick relation, they said; they were known to have an infant child, which no Huguenot mother would willingly leave behind to be brought up by Papists. So the sentinel concluded that they were not going to emigrate, at least this time: and locking the great town gates behind them, he reentered his little guard-room. “Now, quick! quick! the string under the gate! Catch it with your hook stick. There in the shadow. There! Thank God! the baby is safe; it has not cried! Pray God the sleeping-draught be not too strong!” It was not too strong: father, mother, and babe escaped to England, and their descendants may be reading this very paper.

England, Holland, and the Protestant states of Germany were the places of refuge for the Norman and Breton Protestants. From the south of France escape was more difficult. Algerine pirates infested the Mediterranean, and the small vessels in which many of the Huguenots embarked from the southern ports were an easy prey. There were Huguenot slaves in Al-

giers and Tripoli for years after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Most Catholic Spain caught some of the fugitives, who were welcomed by the Spanish Inquisition with a different kind of greeting from that which the wise, far-seeing William the Third of England bestowed on such of them as sought English shelter after his accession. We will return to the condition of the English Huguenots presently. First, let us follow the fortunes of those French Protestants who sent a letter to the State of Massachusetts (among whose historical papers it is still extant) giving an account of the persecutions to which they were exposed, and the distress they were undergoing, stating the wish of many of them to emigrate to America, and asking how far they might have privileges allowed them for following out their pursuit of agriculture. What answer was returned may be guessed from the fact that a tract of land comprising about eleven thousand acres at Oxford, near the present town of Worcester, Massachusetts, was granted to thirty Huguenots, who were invited to come over and settle there. The invitation came like a sudden summons to a land of hope across the Atlantic. There was no time for preparations; these might excite suspicion; they left the "pot boiling on the fire" (to use the expression of one of their descendants), and carried no clothes with them but what they wore. The New Englanders had too lately escaped from religious persecution themselves, not to welcome, and shelter and clothe these poor refugees when they once arrived at Boston. The little French colony at Oxford was called a plantation; and Gabriel Bernon, a descendant of a knightly name in Froissart, a Protestant merchant of Rochelle, was appointed undertaker for this settlement. They sent for a French Protestant minister, and assigned to him a salary of forty pounds a year. They bent themselves assiduously to the task of cultivating the half-cleared land, on the borders of which lay the dark forest, among which the Indians prowled and lurked, ready to spring upon the unguarded households. To protect themselves from this creeping deadly enemy, the French built a fort, traces of which yet remain. But on the murder of the Johnson family, the French dared no longer remain on the bloody spot; although more than ten acres of ground were in garden cultivation around the fort; and long afterwards those who told in hushed, awestruck voices of the Johnson murder, could point to the rose-bushes, the apple and pear trees yet standing in the Frenchmen's deserted gardens. Mrs. Johnson was a sister of Andrew Sigourney, one of the first Huguenots who came over. He saved his sister's life by dragging her by main force through a back door, while the Indians massacred her children, and shot down her husband at his own threshold. To preserve her life was but a cruel kindness.

Gabriel Bernon lived to a patriarchal age, in spite of his early sufferings in France and the wild Indian cries of revenge around his home in Massachusetts. He died rich and prosperous. He had kissed Queen Anne's hand, and became intimate with some of the English nobility, such as Lord Archdale, the Quaker Governor of

Carolina, who had lands and governments in the American States. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees repaid in part their debt of gratitude to Massachusetts in various ways during the War of Independence; one, Gabriel Manigault, by advancing a large loan to further the objects of it. Indeed, three of the nine presidents of the old Congress which conducted the United States through the Revolutionary War, were descendants of the French Protestant refugees. General Francis Marion, who fought bravely under Washington, was of Huguenot descent. In fact, both in England and France, the Huguenot refugees showed themselves a temperate, industrious, thoughtful, and intelligent people, full of good principle and strength of character. But all this is implied in the one circumstance that they suffered and emigrated to secure the rights of conscience.

In the State of New York they fondly called their plantation or settlement, by the name of the precious city which had been their stronghold, and where they had suffered so much. New Rochelle was built on the shore of Long Island Sound, twenty-three miles from New York. On the Saturday afternoons, the inhabitants of New Rochelle harnessed their horses to their carts, to convey the women and little ones; and the men in the prime of life walked all the distance to New York, camping out in their carts in the environs of the city, through the night, till the bell summoned them on Sunday morning to service in the old Church du Saint Esprit. In the same way they returned on Sunday evening. The old longing for home recorded in Allan Cunningham's ballad —

"It's hame, and its hame, hame fain would I be!
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie,"

clung to the breasts, and caused singular melancholy in some of them. There was one old man who went every day down to the sea shore, to look and gaze his fill towards the beautiful cruel land where most of his life had been passed. With his face to the east — his eyes strained, as if by force of longing looks he could see the far distant France — he said his morning prayers, and sang one of Clément Marot's hymns. There had been an edition of the Psalms of David, put into French rhyme, (*"Pseaumes de David mis en Rime françoise, par Clément Marot et Théodore de Bèze"*), published in as small a form as possible, in order that the book might be concealed in their bosoms, if the Huguenots were surprised in their worship while they lived in France.

Nor were Oxford and New Rochelle the only settlements of the Huguenots in the United States. Farther south again they were welcomed, and found resting places in Virginia and South Carolina.

I now return to the Huguenots in England. Even during James the Second's reign, collections were made for the refugees; and, in the reign of his successor, fifteen thousand pounds were voted by Parliament "to be distributed among persons of quality, and all such as by age or infirmity were unable to support them-

selves." There are still, or were not many years ago, a few survivors of the old Huguenot stock, who go on quarter-day to claim their small benefit from this fund at the Treasury; and doubtless at the time it was granted there were many friendless and helpless to whom the little pensions were inestimable boons. But the greater part were active, strong men, full of good sense and practical talent; and they preferred taking advantage of the national good-will in a more independent form. Their descendants bear honored names among us. Sir Samuel Romilly, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Harriet Martineau, are three of those that come most prominently before me as I write; but each of these names are suggestive of others in the same families worthy of note. Sir Samuel Romilly's ancestors came from the South of France, where the paternal estate fell to a distant relation rather than to the son, because the former was a Catholic, while the latter had preferred a foreign country with "freedom to worship God." In Sir Samuel Romilly's account of his father and grandfather, it is easy to detect the southern character predominating. Most affectionate, impulsive, generous, carried away by transports of anger and of grief, tender and true in all his relationships — the reader does not easily forget the father of Sir Samuel Romilly, with his fond adoption of Montaigne's idea, "playing on a flute by the side of his daughter's bed in order to waken her in the morning." No wonder he himself was so much beloved! But there was much more demonstration of affection in all these French households, if what I have gathered from their descendants be correct, than we English should ever dare to manifest.

French was the language still spoken among themselves sixty and seventy years after their ancestors had quitted France. In the Romilly family, the father established it as a rule, that French should be always spoken on a Sunday. Forty years later, the lady to whom I have so often alluded was living, an orphan child, with two maiden aunts in the heart of London city. They always spoke French. English was the foreign language; and a certain pride was cultivated in the little damsel's mind by the fact of her being reminded every now and then that she was a little French girl; bound to be polite, gentle, and attentive in manners; to stand till her elders gave her leave to sit down; to courtsey on entering or leaving a room. She attended her relations to the early market near Spitalfields; where many herbs not in general use in England, and some "weeds" were habitually brought by the market-women for the use of the French people. Burnet, chervil, dandelion were amongst the number, in order to form the salads which were a principal dish at meals. There were still hereditary schools in the neighborhood, kept by descendants of the first refugees who established them, and to which the Huguenot families still sent their children. A kind of correspondence was occasionally kept up with the unseen and distant relations in France; third or fourth cousins it might be. As was to be expected, such correspondence languished and died by slow degrees. But tales of their ancestors' suf-

ferings and escapes beguiled the long winter evenings. Though far away from France, though cast off by her a hundred years before, the gentle old ladies, who had lived all their lives in London, considered France as their country, and England as a strange land. Upstairs too, was a great chest — the very chest Magdalen Lefebvre had had packed to accompany her in her flight, and escape in the mattress. The stores her fond mother had provided for her *trousseau* were not yet exhausted, though she slept in her grave; and out of them her little orphan descendant was dressed; and when the quaintness of the pattern made the child shrink from putting on so peculiar a dress, she was asked, "Are you not a little French girl? You ought to be proud of wearing a French print — there are none like it in England." In all this, her relations and their circle seem to have differed from the refugee friends of old Mr. Romilly, who, we are told, "desired nothing less than to preserve the memory of their origin; and their chapels were therefore ill-attended. A large uncouth room, the avenues to which were narrow courts and dirty alleys . . . with irregular unpainted pews, and dusty unplastered walls; a congregation consisting principally of some strange-looking old women scattered here and there," etc. Probably these old ladies looked strange to the child, who recorded these early impressions in after life, because they clung with fond pride to the dress of their ancestors, and decked themselves out in the rich grotesque raiment which had formed part of their mother's *trousseau*. At any rate, there certainly was a little colony in the heart of the City, at the end of the last century, who took pride in their descent from the suffering Huguenots, who mustered up relics of the old homes and the old times in Normandy or Languedoc. A sword wielded by some great-grandfather in the wars of the League; a gold whistle, such as hung ever ready at the master's girdle, before bells were known in houses, or ready to summon out-of-doors laborers; some of the very ornaments sold at the famous curiosity-shop at Warwick for ladies to hang at their *châtelaines*, within this last ten years, were brought over by the flying Huguenots. And there were precious Bibles, secured by silver clasps and corners; strangely-wrought silver spoons, the handle of which enclosed the bowl; a travelling-case, containing a gold knife, spoon, and fork, and a crystal goblet, on which the coat-of-arms was engraved in gold; all these, and many other relics, tell of the affluence and refinement the refugees left behind for the sake of their religion.

There is yet an hospital (or rather great almshouse) for aged people of French descent somewhere near the City Road, which is supported by the proceeds of land bequeathed (I believe) by some of the first refugees, who were prosperous in trade after settling in England. But it has lost much of its distinctive national character. Fifty or sixty years ago, a visitor might have heard the inmates of this Hospital chattering away in antiquated French; now they speak English, for the majority of their ancestors in four generations have been English, and probably some of them do not know a word of French.

Each inmate has a comfortable bedroom, a small annuity for clothes, etc., and sits and has meals in a public dining-room. As a little amusing mark of deference to the land of their founders, I may mention that a Mrs. Stephens, who was

admitted within the last thirty years, became Madame St. Etienne as soon as she entered the hospital.

I have now told all I know about the Huguenots. I pass the mark to some one else.

From Elias Cook's Journal.

PERENNIAL NAVIGATION.

THE boldness of American enterprise is proverbial; it is ready to undertake anything within the limits of the possible, and sometimes, as if sporting with its strength, makes a dash at the impossible. Among its projects, there is one of an eminently useful character, the details of which, as published in the *Contributions* of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, are worthy of being known in other countries as well as the United States.

Everybody knows that the great river Ohio is the prime channel of commerce for the western States; along it ply a large proportion of the thousand steamers that navigate the streams of those rapidly-improving regions, to say nothing of barges, scows, "dug-outs," and the many other kinds of craft which Brother Jonathan in his ingenuity has invented. Some idea of the vast amount of property afloat on the river may be inferred from the fact, that a passenger on board an ascending steamer counted 2,000 boats of different kinds between the mouth of the Scioto and Marietta, a distance of 200 miles. Numbers of these were laden with coal, or with flour, of which 1,500 or 2,000 barrels can be carried at once by a flat-boat of ordinary size. Large rafts, too, descend the stream: one which arrived at Cincinnati in the spring of 1852, contained 1,200,000 feet of pine boards. The value of the traffic may be further estimated from the loss by wrecks having amounted to 2,000,000 dollars in a single year, 1848. The chief cause of wreck is the occasional lowness of the water, when the danger from shoals, snags, and other impediments is materially increased; and even in cases where no real destruction of property takes place, the detention of a number of steamers on so busy a route is productive of serious loss in another way—one which sensibly strikes so practical a people as the Americans.

Mr. Ellet, a civil engineer, has devised a remedy, and explained it in all its bearings in the publication above referred to. He has made a survey of the Ohio, and finds it possible to maintain a sufficient depth of water for even the largest class of vessels, all through the year. We may premise, that reckoning from the head-waters of the Alleghany, which are to be considered as the source of the Ohio, the distance to the mouths of the Mississippi is 2,400 miles, of which 2,300 are navigable for steam-boats. What a noble artery is this for trade and for the enlightening influences of civilization! As the head-waters of the Alleghany lie but a few miles from Lake Erie, it was at one time proposed to derive an additional supply of water from that great inland sea; but Mr. Ellet's survey shows that its level is 700 feet below the "ponds" which feed the Al-

leghany; and further, that if a channel were cut from Lake Chataouque, one of these ponds, a fall grander than Niagara would be made, seven miles long, and 700 feet high, and the stream would find its way into the St. Lawrence instead of the Gulf of Mexico.

The confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela at Pittsburgh forms the Ohio proper; and between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, a town some miles lower down, Mr. Ellet made his experiments. A portion of the river, 10,063 feet in length, was measured off and carefully sounded, with a view to ascertain the quantity of water discharged: in 1848, this was found to be 2,248,000,000 cubic feet in a day, or 820,520,000,000 in a year—a quantity which, had it been economized, was enough to have maintained a serviceable depth of water over the shallows all through the dry season. An average of six years gives the discharge as 835,323,000,000 cubic feet, which is more than the total for 1848. In 1847, the outflow was more than double that of 1845, the latter having been a particularly dry year.

The result which Mr. Ellet proposes to obtain is a uniform depth of nine feet on the bar at Wheeling; at present, it is subject to great fluctuations, ranging from two feet in the summer to thirty-one feet during floods. In 1832, the great flood wave travelled down the river at the rate of sixty-one miles a day, and by the time it reached Cincinnati, was sixty-three feet above the level of the hot season. Once the water rose thirteen feet in twenty-four hours; and in 1841, 158,964,000,000 cubic feet flowed past a given point in nine days. These quantities are truly prodigious; they are, however, derived from the drainage of a surface of 25,000 square miles.

It is manifest that if these ordinary and extraordinary supplies could be kept under control, there would result a double benefit,—the river would be speedily fed, and the destructive effects of floods prevented. There is something grand in the idea of rendering such masses of water subservient to navigation. Mr. Ellet shows that it may be accomplished by building one or more dams on the higher course of the streams, or on the tributaries. The formation of the valley of the Alleghany, near the town of Franklin, is such that a dam fifty-eight feet high would serve to form a reservoir twenty-five miles long and one mile wide, containing 12,000,000,000 of gallons. Such a dam may be built "for about the cost of maintaining a ship of the line on a three years' cruise:" while the annual loss from the detention of vessels for the want of water amounts to more than 3,000,000 of dollars. In places where navigation was carried on, the dams would of course be constructed with lock-gates, to admit of the passage of vessels; but near the head-waters, such a precaution would be unnecessary. Similar undertakings have already been

successful in different parts of the country, and vast artificial ponds have been formed, though not on the same scale of magnitude. The valleys, for the most part, are such as will not be injured by abandoning them to the water; and experience has shown that injury to health is not to be apprehended from the presence of so large a reservoir, as there is no stagnation. The dams should be constructed of massive masonry, and in such a character as to remain monuments of the age in which they were built. The cost is estimated at 250,000 dollars each.

Mr. Ellet calls on his countrymen to undertake these great works at once, instead of leaving them for a future generation. He looks hopefully "forward to the day when every city upon the banks of the Mississippi, Missouri, and a portion of the Ohio, is to become a port of foreign entry, accessible to ocean steamers;" when the banks of the rivers, no longer devastated, and supplying fallen trees to become fatal snags, shall be cultivated to the water's edge; when grass will grow on the shores and protect them from the wasting effects of the current, and lands now waste will be tilled; when the lower streets of towns will not be invaded by floods, to the increase of their value. All this may be realized by keeping the river at one steady level—to say nothing of the economy to be effected in the building of wharfs

and landing-places. There is but little fear of the scheme being interfered with by railway competition. The charge for conveying a barrel of flour from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, 2,050 miles, is fifty cents, and for a passenger fifteen dollars, including board; while by land the cost would be six dollars in the one case, and from fifty to seventy dollars in the other. The fluctuations in the rate of freight, consequent on difficult navigation, would cease when the difficulties were removed.

From twelve to twenty tubes, each three feet diameter, inserted in the dams, would effectually provide for a sufficient flow of water to maintain a depth of five or nine feet on the bar at Wheeling. These tubes being fitted with valves, movable by machinery, the discharge might be regulated at pleasure, and at the same time a perpetual and unlimited water-power would be gained. "These objects," says Mr. Ellet, "will be effected, not by main force, but by skill. The rain-gauge will indicate the approach of danger from the summits of the distant mountains, the telegraph will announce the fact at the flood-gates, and the whole may thus be controlled by the provisions of science. In fact, the desired effect can be produced by a few dams in the mountain gorges, and the constant attention of some twenty men."

From Hogg's Instructor.

MONTI'S ODE "IN MORTE NAPOLEONE."

He was. When motionless and dumb,
The last sigh left the clay,
And orphan'd of that wondrous soul
His wondrous body lay—
As motionless, as dumb with awe,
Earth heard the tidings fly,
Mute pondering on his mortal hour,
The Man of Destiny:
Nor knew when o'er her trembling plain
Another footstep tread
Should tramp th' ensanguined dust with tracks
Like his—the mighty dead!

Him, bursting sun-like in his dawn,
My Muse all silent view'd,
And when he sank, uprose—fell prone,
By fate at last subdued;
She, pure alike from servile praise,
Or coward insult foul,
Had scorn'd to add her virgin voice
Unto the myriads' howl:
But now, when quench'd is that great light,
She, pitying, rises fair,
And weaves a mournful canticle
That may not waste in air.

From Alps unto the Pyramids,
From Douro to the Rhine,
The lightning of his red right hand
He launch'd out, half divine.
From Scylla's rock to Danube's shore,
It leap'd—from sea to sea.
Was it true glory? Ye alone
Will judge, Posterity.
We can but bow our heads before

The Maker uncreate,

Who stamp'd his image on this soul
In lines so wondrous great.

The stormy trembling joy that broods
O'er vast designs conceived—
The burning thirst to win a throne,
That, won, is scarce believed—
Both, all were his—the mad desire
And its fulfilment strange:
Glory by peril made more sweet,
And then, in endless change,
Flight, victory, a monarch's dome,
An exile's roof of pain,
Twice hurl'd into the dust, and twice
Royally crown'd again.

He, nameless, named himself. In him
Two warring dynasties
Converged, and humbly read their fate
From his commanding eyes.
He, making silence, 'tween them both,
Sat arbiter awhile,
Then vanish'd, and his idle days
Closed in a narrow isle:
Of envy wild, of pity deep,
Perpetual sign to prove:
Of unextinguishable hate,
Unconquerable love.

As on a shipwreck'd man fierce beats
The still-revolving wave—
The wave o'er which he sees nor shore,
Nor far sail, sent to save—
So on this mighty heart the weight
Of countless memories came,
Dashing, like waves of doom, athwart
The wreck of his lost fame.

How oft for younger eyes he wrote
His own strange chronicle,
Till, trembling on the unfinished page,
The wearied right hand fell.

How often, at the silent death
Of some void, aimless day,
His fiery eyes low bent, his arms
Cross'd on his breast alway,
He stood, while all the days that were
Assaulted him like foes :
He sees once more the moving tents,
The vales march'd through, the shows
Of glittering foot and horsemen bold,
In wavy lines display'd —
The lightning of the imperial will,
As lightning-like obey'd.

Perhaps 'neath this sharp agony
His soul despair'd — ere long
Fell prostrate. But a Mighty Hand,
As pitiful as strong,

Lean'd out of heaven, and lifted him
Into a purer air —
Led him along hope's paths, to reach
Th' eternal fields so fair,
To that reward which, unlike earth's,
Transcends desires all ;
While over crumbling mortal fame
Silence and darkness fall.

O Muse of triumphs, lovely, calm,
As an immortal is,
Benign faith sitting in thine eyes,
O joyful Muse, write this :
No loftier soul than his e'er trod
The Golgotha of doom,
So let all bitter words die mute
On the dead hero's tomb !
The God who crushes and sustains,
Who wounds and who consoles,
Pillow'd him in that isle, and placed
His soul with blessed souls.

D.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following books: —

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1854. Phillips, Sampson & Co. : Boston. This is the twenty-fifth year of this excellent work.

Little Blossom's Reward: A Christmas Book for Children. By Mrs. Emily Hare. Phillips, Sampson & Co. : Boston.

Burcliff: its Sunshine and its Clouds. By Paul Crayton. Phillips, Sampson & Co. : Boston.

Walks of Usefulness. By John Campbell. Heath & Graves : Boston.

The Runaway: or Pride Punished. By Francis Forrester, Esq. A volume of Uncle Toby's Library. G. C. Rand : Boston.

Minnie's Pic Nic: or a Day in the Woods. By Francis Forrester, Esq. Another volume of Uncle Toby's Library. G. C. Rand : Boston.

Christmas Holidays at Chestnut Hall. By Cousin Mary. Illustrated. Phillips, Sampson & Co. : Boston.

Estelle's Stories about Dogs. For Good Boys and Girls. With six Illuminated Plates. Phillips, Sampson & Co. : Boston.

Little Mary: or Talks and Tales for Children. By H. Trusta, author of Sunny Side, etc. Phillips, Sampson, & Co.

Autobiography of an Actress: or Eight Years on the Stage. By Anna Cera Mowatt. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields : Boston. With a Portrait.

The New Hydropathic Cook-Book; with Recipes for Cooking on Hygienic Principles. By R. T. Trall, M. D. With numerous Illustrative Engravings. Fowlers & Wells : New York.

Rollo's Tour in Europe. A new Rollo Book. By Jacob Abbott. W. J. Reynolds & Co. : Boston.

Addison's Complete Works. Vol. II. Miscellaneous Prose. G. P. Putnam & Co. : New York. This handsome edition is to be completed in five volumes.

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By

Grace Greenwood. Ticknor, Reed & Fields : Boston. This lady's writings are always readable, and this is the most indispensable quality, and not always possessed by more ambitious authors.

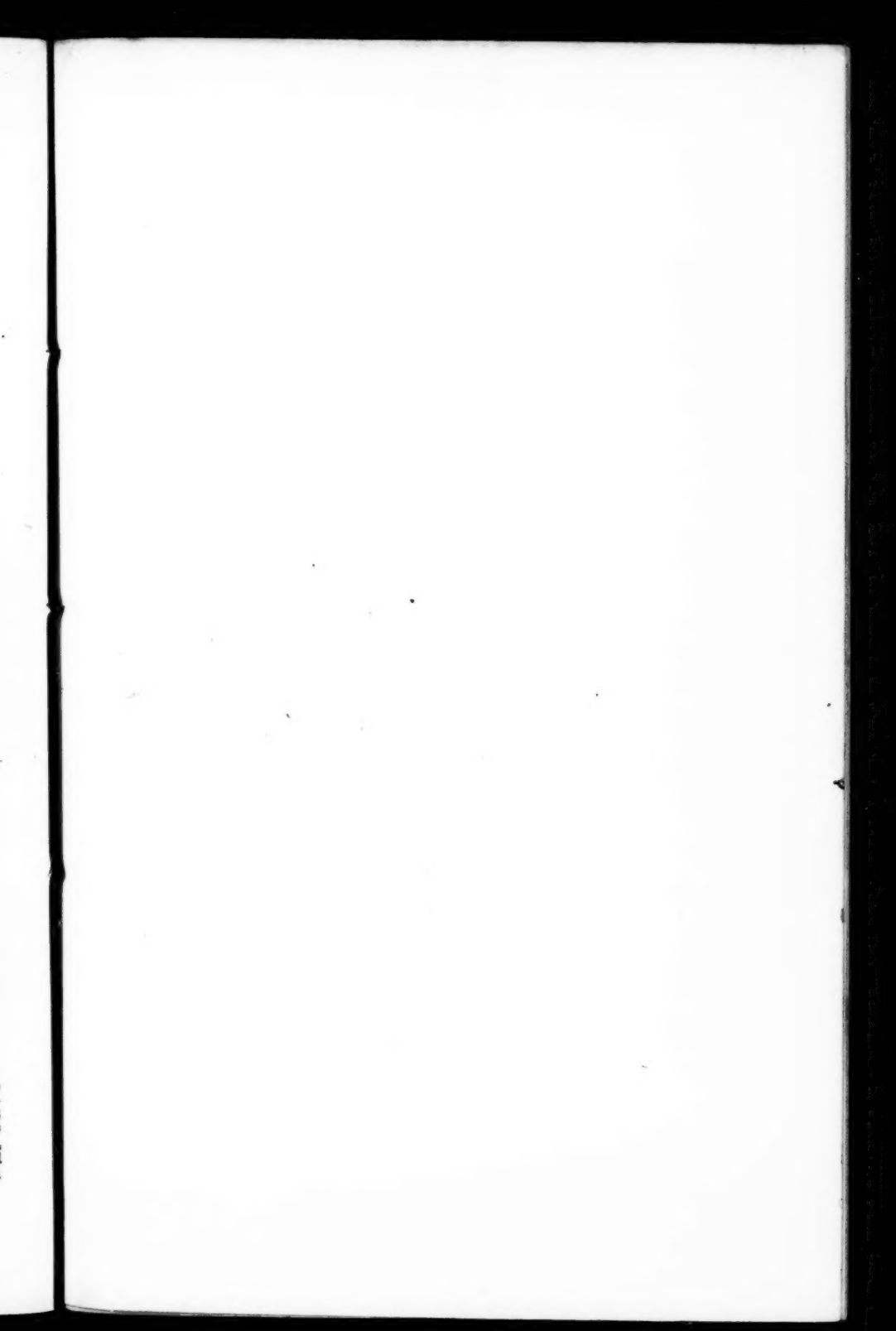
A Home for All: or the Gravel Wall and Octagon Mode of Building: New, Cheap, Convenient, Superior; and adapted to Rich and Poor. By O. S. Fowler. Fowlers & Wells : New York. The materials for the walls of this house are said to cost less than a quarter of those of the frame-buildings generally erected in New England.

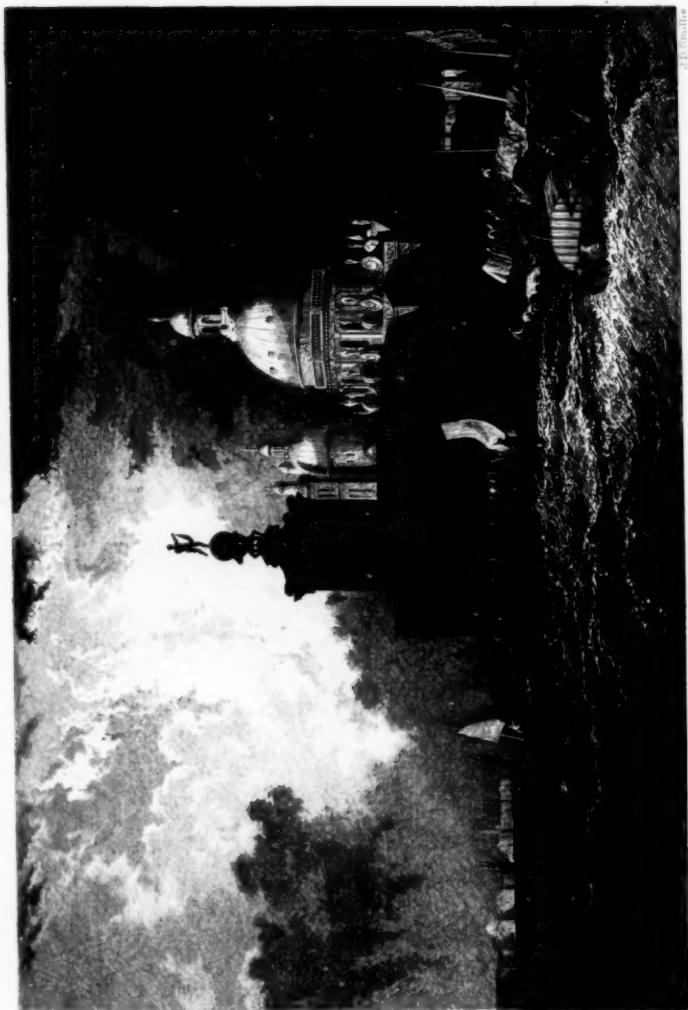
Thoughts to Help and to Cheer. Crosby, Nichols & Co. : Boston. For each day, from the first of January to the last of June, we are here presented with a short passage of Scripture, and a few lines of poetry, and a religious reflection.

[From the Banner of the Cross, which is received again very joyfully, we copy the following notice. The character of that excellent paper is such that there can be no doubt of the truth of its story.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS. At the outset of our new editorial career, and with a vivid recollection of the trials to which we and our printers were subjected in former years by the wretched chirography of some who favored us with their otherwise acceptable lucubrations, we beg to tell them the following story, by way of warning. It is related of a man who owned a building which was situated on land belonging to the Michigan Central Railroad.

The superintendent, who writes a very bad hand, sent a short letter to Mr. S. ordering him to remove the building at once. But the house was not removed: and three months afterwards, the superintendent met S., and began to scold him for not removing the nuisance as desired; when it appeared that the man had received the note, and not being able to make out its contents, had supposed it to be a pass over the road; and had been riding back and forth all summer on the strength of it!





St. Isaac's Cathedral

